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A FLORENTINE GIRL.—BY F. TOLL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"General" Booth has been complaining of the cry of the children in his tabernacle, which, he says, is a greater source of interruption to pulpit eloquence than any cough. In this he is quite correct. Sydney Smith, it is true, instances the baby's cry as no worse than the fall of a book as regards its effects upon the attention of a congregation; but there is something unexpected (which makes the joy of it) in both these incidents, such as there can hardly be in a cough. As a child, the presence of a butterfly in church on a Sunday afternoon was to me the most entrancing spectacle. If I had been a good child perhaps I should have preferred to feast my eyes upon the clergyman; if I had been a genius I should have associated the glorious insect with the soul, and speculated upon it, as geniuses do who inherit the talents of their grandmothers; but for my part it was only a yellow primrose—I mean a yellow butterfly—and I wondered what it could find attractive in the Ten Commandments and the fire-buckets and the tablet to the memory of Squire Jorkens let into the wall, when there was the high-walled garden full of flowers not a hundred yards away for it to roam in. Sydney Smith, indeed, mentions a bird in a church as being the cynosure of all eyes, and "a spectacle sufficient to dissipate religious thought and introduce a more willing train of ideas"; but then it is not everybody who has the luck to see a bird in church. It is clear to me that it was not as one of the congregation, but while he was himself in the pulpit, that the good Canon saw the bird. He speaks of the effect of its appearance with a certain bitterness: "A sparrow fluttering about a church is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is utterly unable to overcome." I should think so, indeed! Why, if the butterfly were an "emperor" or a "peacock" I would back the butterfly against him.

In Boston, it seems, there is a minister sagacious enough to bring his own bird with him—that is to say, he imports the external attraction himself. When declaiming against gambling, for example, he associates with him in the pulpit a professional gambler (converted, of course) with the implements of his trade. He spins a roulette-wheel, and the members of the congregation call out the colours, but always unsuccessfully, which impresses on them the inefficacy as well as the heinousness of the sin. This system seems capable of great expansion. The wickedness of dram-drinking might be illustrated by converted drunkards with pasteboard goblets, and even the attractions of the ballet denounced through the medium of marionettes skilfully handled by the minister himself. But all this will have to be kept up. When a congregation has been once accustomed to object lessons of this exciting kind they will never again, one fears, be got to listen to a sermon.

I perceive by the newspapers that "short-sighted horses can now be provided with spectacles, which they take kindly to." I am short-sighted myself, but keep my eyes sufficiently open to recognise a novelty of this kind had it come in my way, and I have seen no horses with spectacles, or even an eye-glass. I have seen them with blinkers, but I hope no writer for the Press can be so lost to all sense of self-respect as to represent these as spectacles. What I should expect if I had formed the idea of seeing a horse thus provided at all, which I confess I have not, would be to see him with a pince-neigh.

"Carriage people" may give themselves airs and endeavour to persuade one that there is nothing like a barouche or a landau, but that will not impose upon an invalid who uses a Bath-chair. There is nothing like it in the shape of a vehicle for comfort: if you do not exactly fit into it—from emaciation or some little thing of that kind—you are made to do so by pillows and rugs and footstools. There is a hood to keep off the wind, which indeed you never meet, for when you would otherwise do so the man is instructed to push the chair backwards. What other carriage on earth can do that? Moreover, it is much safer to be dragged by a man than a horse; he never rears or kicks or runs away. In the presence of obstacles he shows a great sagacity. When there are breaks in the pavement he lifts up the front wheel and gingerly jerks the two others over the stone ruts. One is very much alarmed, perhaps, but one does not show it—not from an indomitable courage, but from a certain feeling of lethargy. In a Bath-chair one has no responsibility; one sits and stares, and the boys and girls stand and stare as we go by. They cannot understand how a fellow-creature can be so helpless, so motionless, and yet smoke a large cigar.

But the supreme moment of the tenant of a Bath-chair is when he meets another Bath-chair, with somebody he knows in it; then the chairs come up to one another in a friendly fashion, like dogs, and stand head by tail and tail by head. Each invalid is glad to see the other, secretly glad, perhaps, that he also is an invalid, and cannot walk past gesticulating with his umbrella or otherwise exhibiting health and vigour, as many pedestrians will persist in doing. I must say in very bad taste. One begins to describe one's ailments and one's symptoms, confidant of a sympathetic ear; here is a man who will understand us, we say to ourselves, as no person in rude health can do. He understands us well enough, but—would it be credited in a Christian land?—is by no means inclined to sympathise with us;

doesn't believe we have suffered so severely as he has, and actually proceeds to describe *his* symptoms. A more hideous revelation of the selfishness of human nature it is difficult to conceive. A few minutes ago we thought that people who were well and strong were very objectionable; but for hatefulness give me—or rather take him away—a rival invalid. The two Bath-chairs glide away from one another, with antagonism in every spoke of their wheels, and with secret grins from the chairmen, who knew how it would be from the first.

How amazing it is, considering the ages and ages that have passed since their first introduction, that medicines have still such a beastly taste! This language may seem strong to strong people, but not to those who have to take medicine. Why should a shiver be made to run through our backbone at the mere aroma of a pill? Of course it can be silvered, and the most horrible drugs can be taken in globules by those who can swallow globules; but why should there be a necessity for these concealments? In three or four thousand years, one would have thought medical science could have made even rhubarb palatable and castor oil agreeable. Whereas, we are in no better position with regard to these remedies than Noah, who, a little bilious from being shut up so long in the Ark, was doubtless subjected to what is euphoniously termed "treatment." But what treatment! If, instead of all this microscopic attention being paid to germs and bacteria, some medical man would be so good as to turn his mind to the amelioration of senna, the human race would be his debtors; if, instead of disinfecting the water we have drunk for centuries without knowing it was bad for us, or the air we have breathed without a thought of its being deleterious, he would disinfect our powders, the whole juvenile population of these isles would bless his name. When "Science stretches forth her arms to reach from world to world, and charms her secret from the latest moon," can she not condescend to do us this little service nearer home? There are some who have been "great medicine men" (as the Indians call them), it is true, who boldly say that drugs are useless, and for that matter "diet" also, and that we should leave everything to nature; but these gentlemen have all made their fortunes (not very honestly, as it strikes one) and retired from the profession, so that we can't call them in. It has been audaciously stated that drugs have been left designedly nauseous, in order to prevent us from indulging in them to excess; but considering that there are many practitioners who dispense their own drugs this theory is scarcely credible. One is inclined rather to believe that a beastly taste is supposed by the faculty to assist the curative properties of drugs. I notice that the new medicines, such as cod-liver oil, are especially odious. The efforts of all the chemists seem to be directed to make it tasteless. Why should it not be made delicious, like the liver of a red mullet, and be taken by the invalid on toast?

There has been an effort by one member of the faculty to make the path to health and long life agreeable, but it was, unfortunately, made by a humourist. He took up the centenarian business—always a highly attractive one to gentlemen of advanced years—and affirmed that he had discovered the secret of prolonging life indefinitely. This was not by living on nettles and dandelions, or by drinking orangeade, or by abstaining from tobacco, as is the prescription nowadays, but by inhaling the breath of young women. The writer of "*Hermippus Redivivus*" was a well-known physician, and "the grave irony of the treatise in question was so well kept up that it deceived for years the most learned men of the day." The plan was most seriously adopted and recommended. "A well-known doctor, who had himself composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding-school," that he might never be without a constant supply of this elixir. This was something like a prescription. Unhappily, Dr. Campbell, its originator, thought it his duty, when the matter got to be serious, to confess that this essay was only intended to be a satire on the hermetic philosophy. But while the belief lasted, his remedy was far more popular with octogenarians (and even younger patients) than anything in the pharmacopœia.

Two reporters arriving late at a Salvation Army meeting the other night got better seats than they deserved. There were some reserved ones just under the platform, where they plied their vocation with assiduity, till an official inquired when they would be ready to confess their sins. Like Mr. Pickwick and his friends at the review, they had obtained their excellent position not without some drawback. They did not, indeed, find themselves exposed to rival bayonets, but their seat was a thorny one—they were on the penitent's form. This, no doubt, alarmed them. It cannot be pleasant for a reporter to be compelled to unbosom himself; it is all very well for the Salvationists, who have nothing to reproach themselves with, or, at all events, know how to conceal it (for a tamer business than a Salvationist's confession it is impossible to listen to), but a reporter, one would imagine, has really things to confess worth hearing—not such very serious matters as an editor would have, no doubt, but still rather appalling. They got out of it somehow, but it will be a lesson to them on the subject of punctuality as long as they live. I know two most respectable old maiden ladies who got into a similar trouble through the same cause in church. They

had arrived there late, as strangers, and found not even standing room, except that there was one nice little pew quite empty in the middle of the church, and, as it evidently belonged to nobody, they took possession of it. They were pleased with their good fortune until they happened to boast of it the next day to a lady friend who was an habitual member of the congregation. "It was a comfortable pew no doubt, my dears," she remarked gently, "but you ought not to have occupied it, as it is not intended for maiden ladies." Then they understood that they had been returning thanks, or had had thanks returned for them, for a blessing which had not been vouchsafed them.

As Charles Lamb tells us there is such a thing as sick whist, so there is sick literature. Books please the invalid that fail to attract him when in good health, and, alas! vice versa. The sick mind is not, indeed, critical, but impatient. I should be ashamed to name the excellent and famous works that I have found dull during three weeks of illness. It is possible, of course, that it is the sick man who is dull; but the fact is, I fancy, that, being isolated and remote from everyday life—the sounds of which fall with a strange pathos upon his ear—he becomes a law to himself as to his likes and dislikes, and outside the influence of opinion. What is it to him that this or that work has been pronounced a masterpiece? Does it or does it not cause him to forget his pain? Properly constituted minds turn, it is understood, when they are in the neighbourhood of "the Valley of the Shadow" to improving literature. Perhaps, when we get a little better, we will try that, but at present we seem beyond the reach of improvement. We do not want to be amused—far from it. It is sad to think how little appreciation of wit and humour remains to us, but we want to get away from the hot pillow and the too familiar bed and the limited horizon that is the boundary of our little life. And the more limited the horizon of our author the better we are able to sympathise with him.

It may seem curious to some people that an adult, brought however low by illness, should elect to read "*Robinson Crusoe*." But in bed and out of the world, one takes a new interest in that castaway: he, too, mixed but little with society (Friday his only at-home day), and was very much taken up with his own personal matters; his eating and drinking, though, like us, he was on low diet; with his dog, and our own Rip comes to see us every morning, whines, shakes his head, and cannot for the life of him understand why we are not up. It is a delightful book, the most popular story, perhaps, in the world, though, as was admirably said of it by a greater writer than Defoe, "it never drew a smile nor a tear from anyone." Then there is the "*Château d'If*." I don't speak of "*Monte Cristo*" generally, for its characters are so numerous—two generations of them—that a sick man's brain gets muddled over them, and scarcely knows which are the good people and which the bad; but the sequestered life of the prisoner on the rock just suits him; the occasional society of the Abbé is welcome and not too great a strain upon his entertaining powers; for I need not say that the sick man is the prisoner (*vice* "*Robinson Crusoe*") and identifies himself completely with him. He looks at nothing he reads from the outside; the critical faculty is dead.

Another curious thing is that just as we have known authors physically feeble, and even crippled, to write of nothing but adventure, with a good surplussage of quarrel and combat, so, as the sick man recovers from the blow that has "knocked him out of time" (and almost into eternity), his taste is for dramatic action (by deputy). The feats in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, the escapes of that too admirable convict in "*Les Misérables*," stand for him in the place of air and exercise. Nor do I find, as some do under my sad circumstances, pleasure only in my old favourites. The very last romance, if it is good, is equally welcome with the old ones. A kind old divine of my acquaintance, beloved by all his parish, used to minister to the sick in a manner unusual even in an agricultural district. He would read them a chapter of Genesis and leave them the daily paper—a combination of the very earliest and latest intelligence; and, similarly, when I have done with the Black Knight in "*Ivanhoe*" I turn with equal delight to the fine doings of Amos Green and De Catinat or the amazing adventures of Gaston de Bonne, wet from the press, and kiss my wasted hand in gratitude to Conan Doyle and Stanley Weyman.

A discussion is going on in certain religious journals as to whether ministers' sons are really worse than other people's, or, from unjustifiable expectations of their being better, or from contrast with their fathers, only seem to be so. The *Christian Advocate* is of opinion that when they are black they are "blacker than Egyptian darkness," but that, on the whole, they are merely piebald, like other young persons. There is, it admits, a general opinion to their disadvantage, but "a lawyer once accepted the challenge of a minister to trace the destiny of an equal number of lawyers' and ministers' children, and he soon gave it up." One does not see, however, why an inquiry of this nature should have been limited to the extremities of professional morality. A minister's son may not be so bad as a lawyer's son, and yet very inferior, for example, to the offspring of a man of letters.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BATTLE OF RAMILLIES.

With a heavy heart Marlborough left the Hague in May 1706 to take command of an allied army which the Confederate Powers had ordered to assemble between Tongres and Borchloen with the object of compelling Villeroy's troops to quit their lines on the river Dyle, and with intention ultimately to drive the French out of Flanders. The great English General, notwithstanding his sanguine temperament and indomitable faith in himself, had not much confidence in the success of this project, nor in the loyalty of all troops—Danish, Dutch, and Hanoverian—who were to co-operate with the British under his command; and, moreover, he was suffering bitter chagrin at the refusal of Republican leaders in Holland to aid the Italian enterprise which he had contemplated carrying out for the relief of his old ally, Prince Eugene. In a letter to the Duchess he wrote from Liège with little satisfaction of "being here in a condition of doing nothing that shall make a noise," and the same day he sent a despatch to Lord Godolphin containing the passage, remarkable as read by the light of after events: "I have no prospect of doing anything considerable unless the French will do what I am very confident they will not—unless the Marshal de Marsin should return, as it is reported, with thirty battalions and forty squadrons, for that would give to them such a superiority as might tempt them to march out of their lines, which if they do, I will most certainly attack them, not doubting, with the blessing of God, to beat them, though the foreign troops I have seen are not so good as they were last year, but I hope the English are better." It was not superiority of numbers, therefore, that disheartened him, but anxiety lest he might not be able to bring them to battle. No vision then was in his mind of a battle that would, within eight days, decide the fate of the Netherlands; or, if he foresaw the possibility of that event, he concealed the fact very carefully from his wife and from his most influential friend. When he wrote, however, the English troops had not joined him, nor was he sure that the disaffection of Danish cavalry could be overcome by promises that arrears of pay should no longer be withheld from them. When the English troops joined him on May 20, the sight of them revived all his old spirit. He could not be despondent long with them about him and the prospect of a fight in front. He had already begun his advance towards Tirlemont, as if to threaten the French lines in flank, and, to his great satisfaction, this succeeded in drawing out Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria, with all the forces at their command, to meet him. The English regiments which overtook him at Bilsen were King's Dragoon Guards, the 3rd and 5th Dragoon Guards, the Carabineers, the 7th Dragoon Guards, the Scots Greys, and the 5th Lancers (then Light Dragoons); the Grenadier Guards, the Royal Scots, the Buffs, the King's Regiment, the 10th, 15th, and 16th Foot, the Royal Irish, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the 24th, the Cameronians, the 28th, 29th, and 37th Regiments of Foot. Two days later, when he was drawing towards the Little Gheet or Gest, and might almost have felt the enemy's presence, news reached him that the Danes, under the Duke of Würtemberg, were making forced marches to be up in time. This would bring his total strength up to nearly 60,000 men, divided into 123 squadrons and 73 battalions, but numerically they were still inferior to those of his adversaries, who could muster 128 squadrons and 74 battalions, thus outnumbering him by more than 2000 fighting men. This, however, gave him no uneasiness, and, when news was brought to him that the enemy had begun to move upon Jodoigne he resolved to give them battle there. Under the drenching rain of a May morning, and through slush that retarded the march of the infantry, he began the advance in eight columns towards the boggy sources of the Little Gheet, having sent Cadogan's cavalry on three hours before daylight to reconnoitre. His foes had anticipated him by taking up the very ground on which he hoped to form his fighting line, and there, after driving back their outposts, he found their formidable front extended in two lines along a concave range of high ground stretching from the Tomb of Ottomond, near the banks of the river Mehaigne, by Ramillies, across one tributary of the Little Gheet, to Autreglise, on the main arm of that river. Both the French and Bavarian flanks were protected by morasses, which the assailants would have to cross, but these obstacles were at once a security and a disadvantage to Villeroy's troops, for they prevented all chance of delivering counter-attacks, except from the centre, and that Marlborough held in a very firm grip with his infantry columns. He had nearly

all their cavalry, at least a hundred squadrons, posted near the Tomb of Ottomond, which, rising high above the surrounding plateau, had formed a good mark to march upon, and that, as Marlborough's keen eye at once detected, was the key of the position. In order to disarrange the enemy's plans, however, he made his first demonstration against Villeroy's left flank. At the same time twelve battalions were sent to attack the centre in front of Ramillies, and, a little later, Overkirk's cavalry were launched straight at the enemy's formidable squadrons, the way having been cleared for him by a vigorous assault on outlying pickets which occupied the bridge of Javieres. That assault had compelled Villeroy to dismount some of his dragoons, who were, however, not in time to prevent the Danish cavalry from getting round that way. Without their horses they had to meet Overkirk's swift frontal attack, and then to turn about and face the furious charge of Danes. In confusion, but still full of courage, they fought gallantly, meeting charge by charge again and again. Overkirk, after the impetus of his first fierce onset, found himself taken in turn by the enemy's second line and Bavarian cuirassiers who had come hastily from the further flank. Marlborough, seeing this, brought other cavalry from his own right, and leading them forward, placed himself in the thickest of the fight. The French dragoons, brought up

decisive stroke that gave him the victory, for it overwhelmed Villeroy's last effort at a stand. His Regiment du Roi was overwhelmed, and compelled to lay down its arms. The Bavarian Guards and Spaniards, reeling from the shock of Wood's magnificent charge, were overborne, and in waving masses the French army, losing at last all vestige of order, rushed pell-mell towards the river, while the victorious allies continued the pursuit through Jodoigne until two in the morning. The Duke, with Overkirk and the main body, halted at Meldert, five leagues from the battlefield, and there wrote his brief despatch announcing the decisive victory of Ramillies, whereby the army of the confederates restored liberty to the Netherlands.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NORWICH.

The nomination of the Rev. John Sheepshanks, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool, to succeed the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Pelham, on his resignation of that see, has already been noticed with approval. This clergyman, who was ordained in 1857, but is under sixty years of age, has had experience of colonial life—an advantage daily more esteemed in active public service, religious as well as temporal. After serving two years as curate to Dr. Hook at Leeds, he went out to British Columbia, where he was Rector of New Westminster, became acquainted with the men on the goldfield of Frazer River and Cariboo, and with the native Indian tribes. He visited also the Church missions on the Pacific Ocean coasts and islands, Siberia, and China, before his return to England in 1867. Having held for some years the living of Bilton, near Harrogate, he was appointed, in 1873, to the important church at Liverpool, where he has formed a large and devoted congregation. It is regarded as a most successful example of the efficiency of the voluntary principle, of the value of the offertory, with free and open sittings and no pew-rents, in the working of the church system. The Vicar's theological views are those of the "High" school, combined with Evangelical unction. He is a near kinsman of the donors of the Sheepshanks collection of pictures, now in the South Kensington Museum, and of a fund bequeathed to Trinity College, Cambridge, for scientific studies.

EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The field-day operations and tactical manoeuvres of the Metropolitan and other Volunteer Battalions, on April 3, were divided between the neighbourhoods of Eastbourne, Canterbury, and Chatham. In each instance, as usual on these occasions, a supposed hostile invading force was encountered by a more or less adequate defending force; these were distinguished by colours, the former blue, the latter red. On the Sussex coast, the Pevensy flats between Eastbourne and St. Leonards, an enemy was understood to have landed; it was there, probably, that William the Conqueror landed with his Normans. The town of Eastbourne was occupied by the "Blues," the invaders, consisting of a brigade under command of Colonel Gascoigne, strengthened by some Sussex Volunteer Engineers, four 16-pounder guns, and a battalion formed of men of the 2nd Sussex Artillery Volunteers. In the Ashdown Forest district, in the Weald of Sussex, the defending "Red" force, commanded by General Hamilton, including, besides those from London, a Sussex and a West Surrey battalion, had been assembled. Each force was accompanied by a few mounted infantry and cyclists. General Hamilton's force moved down to Lewes, and marched from Polegate over the Downs towards Eastbourne. At Willingdon they were met by the Blues, and an engagement began which resulted in the defeat of the latter, after fighting three-quarters of an hour, and in their retreat to defend their position at Eastbourne. Their tactics are considered not to have been very brilliant. The manoeuvres, directed by Major-General Lord William Seymour, on Barham Downs, five miles from Canterbury, between "Reds" and "Blues" contending for the Dover road, were somewhat more instructive. At Chatham, small numbers were engaged; Colonel Trotter, commanding five battalions of London Volunteers, with four machine-guns, was opposed by Colonel Dorward, R.E., with the Engineers, the 2nd Battalion Leicester Regiment, and a detachment of the Honourable Artillery Company and the 3rd Essex Volunteers. Three of the Middlesex Volunteer Battalions had a good field-day at Southgate, manoeuvring between Muswell Hill and Edmonton, where Colonel Hennell, with the 3rd Middlesex, represented an enemy marching on London from Essex, opposed by Colonel Routledge, with the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment). There was a brisk fight in Arno's Grove Wood.

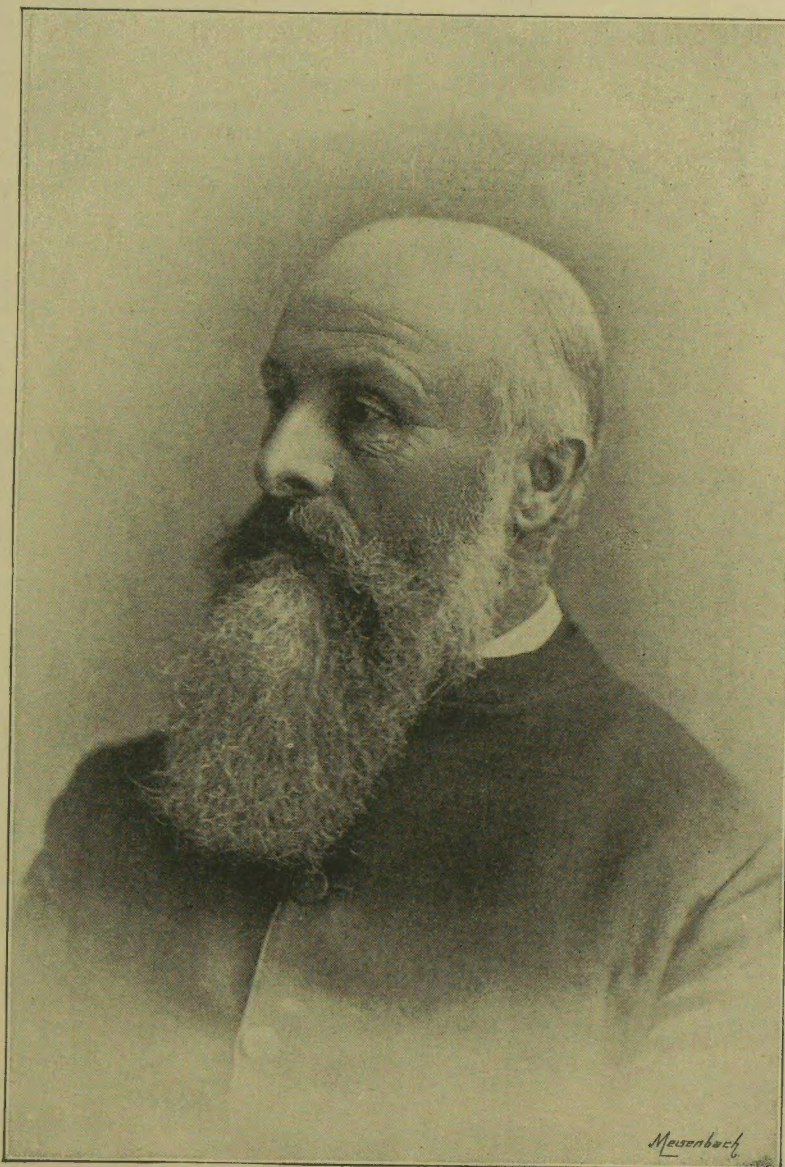


Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool

THE NEW BISHOP OF NORWICH. THE REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS.

by an officer who knew the English General by sight, began to close about him, and he was in imminent danger while entangled between the conflicting masses. He tried to leap a ditch, but his horse floundered in the soft ground, and he was thrown heavily. Then his aide-de-camp, Captain Molesworth, dismounting, gave his horse to the General, whose equerry, Bingfield, was killed by a round shot while holding the stirrup for Marlborough to mount. Escaping, the Duke galloped back to his own lines, and ordered the reserves of British cavalry to advance. Meanwhile, our infantry had been sorely pressed at points. Against one British battalion Lord Clare's regiment of Irish, serving with the French, made a gallant charge. Led by Murrough O'Brien, a kinsman of Lord Clare, who fell fighting at their head, these impetuous Irishmen broke through the English ranks with a fury which not even veteran steadiness could resist, and captured the colours. These were not recovered amid the confusion of battle, and the captors bore them off to be laid upon the altar of the exiles in a Benedictine monastery at Ypres. For that one triumph the French suffered severely. Grenadiers, Royal Scots, Welsh Fusiliers, and English regiments of the line, not to be stopped by a morass, through which they waded waist-deep, assailed the enemy's left, and drove it back in confusion, while Marlborough, bringing the British cavalry round at full speed, paused to form them in stately array, and then swooped down with them upon his foes like an avalanche. This was the



THE UMPIRE'S STAFF



FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION

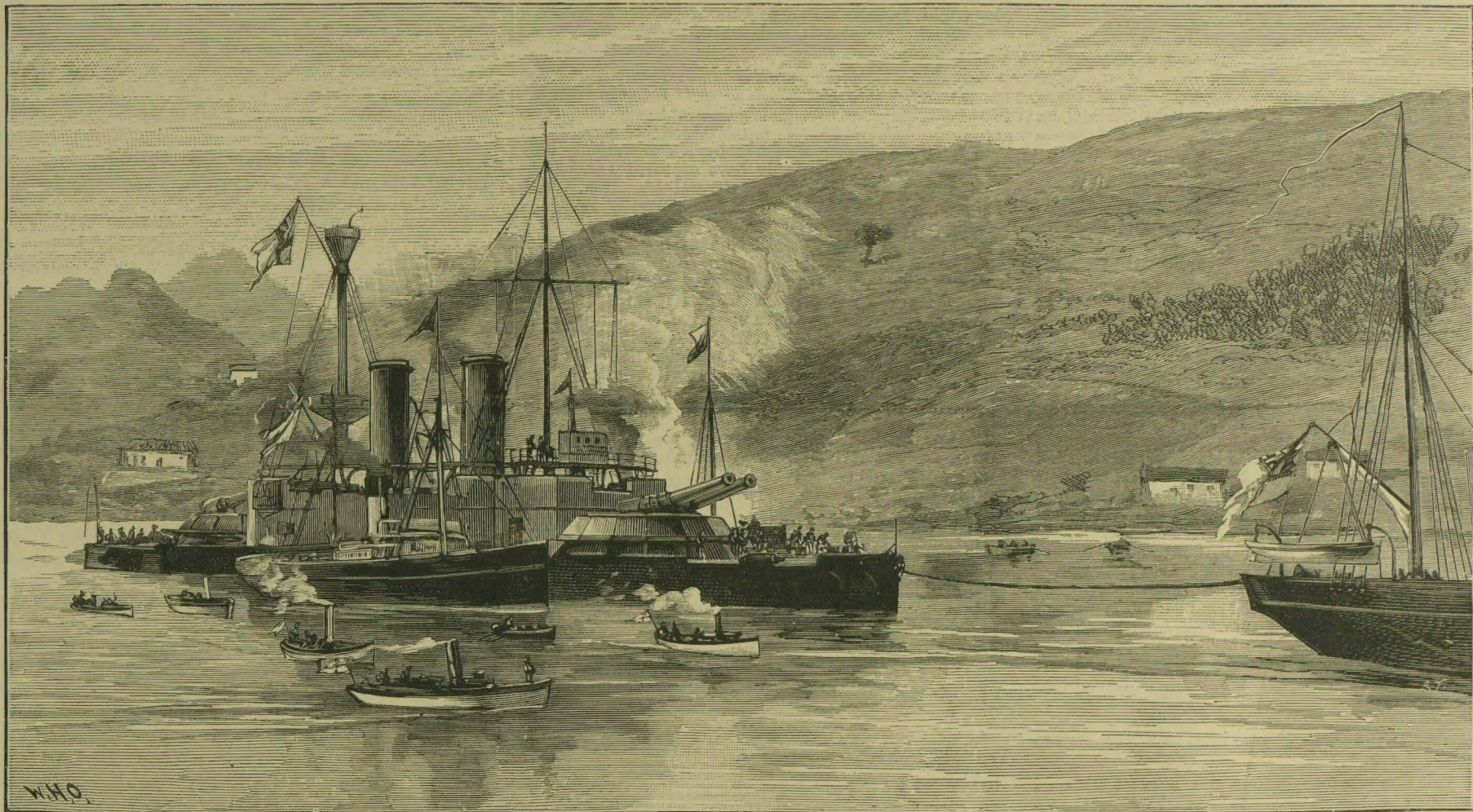


THE LONDON SCOTTISH MARCHING PAST

THE ARTISTS LYING DOWN NEAR EAST DEAN



WEST SURREY MOUNTED INFANTRY SCOUTING



H.M.S. HOWE BEING TOWED INTO FERROL HARBOUR.

H.M.S. HOWE AT FERROL.

It is with great satisfaction that the news has been received, after so many anxious delays and disappointing attempts, of the successful floating of this valuable first-class battleship of the British Navy, stranded during several months past on the reef of rocks at the entrance to the Spanish

harbour of Ferrol. On Thursday, March 30, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Howe was got off the rocks, at high spring tide, after repairing the holes in her bottom-plates and pumping out the water, and was towed up to a safe position in the harbour, where she was anchored until she could be brought into the dock. The operations have been difficult, but have been conducted

with skill and perseverance; and the detailed report of them, when published, will be highly creditable to all those who were so employed. They have been watched with admiration by Spanish naval officers; and a crowd of townspeople assembled to greet the ship with hearty cheers when she came up. The Spanish Government has ordered a new survey of the channel, to correct the old and erroneous charts.



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.—BY JIMENEZ.

PERSONAL.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice on March 31 drove through Florence to the village of San Felice, three miles from the city, to witness the procession known as the "Gesu Morto," which is solemnly observed there on Good Friday every three years. It was a picturesque scene. A thousand peasants took part in the procession. The Cross of Penitence was carried at the head. Then came a body of young girls, who were followed by friars belonging to the Orders of San Marco and Santa Cecilia, all dressed in sackcloth, and carrying the image of Christ. After these was borne a crowned image of the Virgin Mary, draped in black, behind which walked a large number of married women. The procession was preceded by a band, and another band brought up the rear. As it wended its way through the streets of the village the "Stabat Mater" was effectively chanted. All along the route the trees and windows were decorated with coloured lamps, and the façade of the church was illuminated.

Lord Stanley of Preston has bidden farewell to the Canadian Parliament, and will very shortly be succeeded by the Earl of Aberdeen in the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion. It would be an abuse of the term to say that Lord Stanley's period of office has been a brilliant success, as was the Governor-Generalship of Lord Dufferin. Twenty years ago Canada needed all the stimulus to great enterprises which the eloquence and statesmanship of Lord Dufferin could give her, but now her wisest policy is rather one of quiet persistence, and such a policy it has been in Lord Stanley's power to encourage in many ways. He and Lady Stanley have taken a kindly and appreciative interest in all that went on around them, and have spared no exertion at Rideau Hall and in their journeyings through the various provinces to put themselves in touch with the social and educational life of the community. The sudden death of Sir John Macdonald gave Lord Stanley what was probably his only opportunity to show statesmanlike qualities, for it removed the one man round whose personality the political life of the Dominion had centred for nearly a quarter of a century, and it says much for the tact of the retiring Governor-General that Canada has tided so well over this crisis in her history.

Mr. Balfour's visit to Belfast was a great personal success. His reception in the capital of Ulster is a sufficient guarantee, if any were needed, of the strength of Mr. Balfour's following in that city. An immense throng welcomed the Opposition leader at the railway-station, where the enthusiasm took the form with which Mr. Gladstone is familiar. After this experience Mr. Balfour's admirers will probably set a higher value on this expression of popular homage. The horses were taken out of Mr. Balfour's carriage, which was drawn three miles by the excited populace before they would consent to the customary and more decorous mode of procedure. The speeches delivered by the champion of Unionism lacked no quality likely to please the Ulster opponents of Home Rule. Mr. Balfour denounced Mr. Gladstone's Bill as "iniquitous," and declared that it would never become law. This sentiment was emphasised by a grand procession, estimated at upwards of a hundred thousand persons, who, as Colonel Sanderson says, offered by their numbers the most substantial argument for their case.

The Serjeant-at-Arms has raised an interesting issue by a letter to the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, hinting that a certain freedom which marks the Parliamentary sketch in that journal may, if not chastened, lead to the exclusion of the writer from the House of Commons. This suggests the question whether Mr. Erskine has any right to impose a canon of taste on representatives of the Press. It is contended that the Serjeant-at-Arms is entitled to withdraw privilege of access to the House, a privilege extended to a limited number of journalists, and that no newspaper can enforce the presence of a representative who is excluded by Mr. Erskine, acting as the servant of the Commons. On the other hand, a strong protest is made against Mr. Erskine's action in this particular instance, as the House passed no judgment, and as the decision of the Serjeant-at-Arms on what is to constitute an offence against taste is purely arbitrary. If any description or caricature which happens to be personally disagreeable to a member is to be followed by an edict of expulsion against a journalist or artist, it is plain that the business of chronicling and embellishing the proceedings of Parliament will be seriously hampered.

The House of Commons has enjoyed a very brief Easter recess. Mr. Gladstone carried his motion for the appropriation by the Government of practically the whole time of the House for the rest of the Session; but the Opposition made a desperate resistance, and prevented the Employers' Liability Bill from being read a second time on the eve of Good Friday. The stroke of midnight sounded a truce on the struggle, which will be resumed with even greater pertinacity over the Home Rule Bill. Except the Railway Hours Bill, no progress has been made with any of the Government measures, and two or three have still to be introduced. Mr. Gladstone has sought recuperation in the breezes of Brighton during the short holiday, and certainly the task which faces him demands something like the renewal of youth itself.

Miss Amélie Rives (Mrs. Rives Chanler), the American novelist, has gone back to her old Virginia home in order to write a volume of studies of Southern life. The authoress of "The Quick and the Dead," "Virginia of Virginia," "Barbara Dering," &c., is still on the right side of thirty, and published her first story in *Harper's Magazine* at the age of eighteen. Descended from an old French Louisiana family, Mrs. Chanler's mother was a god-daughter of Louis Philippe's Queen, Marie Amélie. The young girl was brought up on the French system, seeing but little of her father's neighbours, and leading a simple, unconventional life in the beautiful Virginian manor-house which she has described in more than one of her stories. On her marriage to Mr. Chanler, one of the "four hundred" of New York society, she came to Europe and spent a winter in Paris, where she began a novel in collaboration with Catulle

Mendès. Mrs. Chanler, however, cannot write in a town, and declares that she requires the air of Old Virginia to inspire her with ideas; her great desire is to become a playwright, and she has long been engaged on a drama of modern life, which it is said she will offer to a London manager.

The gratitude of the nation is due to General Hamilton, whose military skill has saved us from a foreign occupation. An invading host had somehow become possessed of Eastbourne, and had fattened on the luxuries of that watering-place. Refreshed by Easter rations, they advanced, and would probably have captured London but for the brilliant resistance of General Hamilton. This officer was in command of an imaginary British force, and was apparently threatened by defeat when another imaginary force came to his aid, and enabled him to triumph gloriously. Such is the brief record of an exploit which will make General Hamilton's name live for ever. But how is it that the invader is always beaten in these sham fights? If imaginary reinforcements turn up in the nick of time, why should they not occasionally befriend the enemy? This is the only thought that is likely to trouble the serenity of the Volunteer when he recounts his great deeds during Easter week in defence of hearth and home.

Jules Lemaitre, the French author, playwright, and critic, is one of the most interesting personalities in the French literary world. On him has fallen the mantle of Sainte-Beuve, and both his theatrical and bookish causeries are eagerly looked for in the *Journal des Débats* (to which he is a regular weekly contributor), and later when they appear in volume form. M. Lemaitre is only just forty years of age, but hard work has made him prematurely aged. In the thirteen years which have elapsed since he began literary work he has not only been an active journalist, but has produced half-a-dozen volumes of criticisms, three novels (of which the latest, "Les Rois," is not unlike Alphonse Daudet's famous "Kings in Exile"), and four plays. M. Lemaitre is an ardent Ibsenite, and was the first to introduce the Norwegian dramatist to French readers. He is devoted to all his work, but has a passion for the drama, and would prefer to be known as a good playwright rather than as the distinguished man of letters that he is.

Dr. Samuel Cox, who recently died at the age of sixty-six, achieved some years ago by his book "Salvator



THE LATE REV. DR. SAMUEL COX.

Mundi" a fame as great as that which attended Professor Seeley's "Eccce Homo," or, in later days, that striking volume entitled "Lux Mundi." He was far better known as a theologian than as a Baptist Minister, although he held pastorates at Southsea, Ryde, and Nottingham. His first work was "The Private Letters of St. Paul and St. John," and this was followed by many volumes dealing exegetically with the Bible. His connection with the *Expositor*, which he founded in 1875 and edited most ably for ten years, brought Dr. Cox into communication with many of the leading critics of the Scriptures, and very friendly relations existed between him and his collaborators in various denominations. He had Goethe's love for little children, and at least one delightful series of sermons to his young friends afterwards reached a larger public. He took a very deep interest in the Books of Ruth and Ecclesiastes, on both of which he wrote excellent commentaries. In 1883 Dr. Cox was offered a triple honour—the degree of Doctor of Divinity—by the Universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, and accepted the compliment from St. Andrews. During the last few years Dr. Cox had retired from active work, but still employed his pen on his favourite themes. Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Cox and Co., Market Place, Nottingham.

Captain George Hope, R.N., who died on April 1, at his residence, Ormonde Lodge, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, is believed to have been at the time of his death the oldest retired officer in the Royal Navy. The third son of Captain Charles Hope, R.N., and grandson of the Hon. Charles Hope-Vere, he was born at Chatham on May 30, 1801, and was consequently within two months of completing his ninety-second year. His father was born in 1750, the lives of father and son extending over 143 years. Captain Hope entered the Navy in 1813 on board the *Latona*, bearing the flag of his cousin, Sir William Johnstone Hope. In 1814 he became a student at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, and remained there until June 1816, when he embarked on board the *Gracchus*, Captain William Furlong Wise, and was present as midshipman at the battle of Algiers on Aug. 27 in that year, for which service he had a medal. He subsequently joined the *Leander*, bearing the flag of Sir David Milne, at Halifax, and returned to England in 1819, from which time until September 1821 he was employed on home duty. He was on board the Royal Sovereign yacht, and accompanied George IV. on his visit to Dublin in August 1821. In June 1823 he procured an appointment to the *Spartiate* and sailed for South America, but retired from the service in 1828. Captain Hope was twice married—first, in 1833, to Charlotte, daughter of Vice-Admiral John Tollemache, and secondly, in 1845, to Katherine, daughter of William Leveson-Gower, grandson of the first Earl Gower.

MUSIC.

The Easter season of opera at Drury Lane, just started by Sir Augustus Harris, promises to command a very fair share of public support. It was this time of year, as our readers will recollect, that the late Carl Rosa almost invariably selected for his annual visit to the Metropolis; and for opera at cheap prices during a month or six weeks the spring is perhaps quite as good as the autumn. Anyhow, Drury Lane was positively crowded on Easter Monday night. Even the abnormal summer-like weather, which did harm to not a few of the theatres, was powerless against the combined attractions of "The Bohemian Girl" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." This pleasant union of an old and a new friend has been successfully tried on several occasions during the past few months, the only difference in the present instance being that Balfe's opera was given in its entirety, thus affording the holiday folk a very full pennyworth indeed. How much they enjoyed listening to the old favourite was unmistakably testified by the encores, which were so numerous as to threaten a prolongation of the performance until the early hours of the following morning. In acceding to the demands of his audience, Mr. Carl Armbruster showed a more complete acquaintance with the traditions of Balfeian opera than in some of his *tempi*, which he was inclined to drag to a painful extent. A new American tenor, Mr. Edis, made his appearance as Thaddeus, and displayed a rather agreeable voice and style. He was, however, excessively nervous, and this only served to accentuate his lack of stage experience and awkwardness of gesture and movement. He may do better later on. Madame Albu made a capable Arline, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies was a trifle less lachrymose than usual as the nobleman who sings "The heart bowed down." The cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana" presented no new features. Herr Feld, who conducted Mascagni's opera, had apparently been making a minute study of the methods of Signor Mancinelli, and though the result may have been amusing to look at, it was by no means bad to the ear. The band—composed chiefly of the nucleus of Sir Augustus Harris's new permanent orchestra—did its work with efficiency, and the chorus was excellent. On the following evening "Carmen" was given with a familiar cast.

The second Philharmonic Concert was, happily, shorter than the first, and gave habitués a desirable opportunity to get away from St. James's Hall at half-past ten without having missed anything worth hearing. Would that it were always so at these time-honoured entertainments! The programme was made up of interesting, and also to a commendably large extent of native, music. Sullivan, Cliffe, and Somervell mingled pleasantly with Brahms and Wagner in the instrumental selection, and everything, with the exception of Mr. Norman Salmond's songs, belonged essentially to the modern schools of composition. The only novelty was Mr. Arthur Somervell's orchestral ballad, "Helen of Kirkconnel," a clever and effective piece intended to illustrate the incidents described in Sir Walter Scott's poem. The best part of this is the "Lament," a plaintive melody which gives genuine expression to the grief of the surviving lover. Less successful is the middle episode, wherein the composer endeavours to depict the fate of the heroic Helen (who receives the fatal bullet intended for her companion) and the subsequent fight, in which the latter hacked his rival "into pieces sma." Dr. Mackenzie secured a spirited rendering of the new work, and Mr. Somervell was afterwards called thrice to the platform. The favourable reception of Mr. Frederic Cliffe's Leeds symphony was a foregone conclusion. The elaborate work has previously run the gauntlet of criticism in more dangerous quarters, and, besides, Mr. Cliffe is something of a favourite with Philharmonic audiences. We cordially endorse everything that has been said in praise of Mdlle. Wietrowetz's performance of the Brahms violin concerto. It was an achievement *hors ligne*—masterful alike in its technical excellence and its intellectual power—and by its aid the gifted young artist placed herself upon a level with the greatest of living violinists, male as well as female. Dr. Mackenzie, himself an admirable violin-player, conducted this colossal concerto with conspicuous skill, and another triumph for the orchestra was the remarkably brilliant rendering of Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture to "Macbeth."

The "Pops" came to an end for the season on March 27 with a gala programme of the usual delightful kind. It comprised very nearly the full strength of the company, and attracted a much larger crowd than could be accommodated in St. James's Hall, hundreds of amateurs being turned away from the cheaper parts. Brahms's sextet in B flat, Op. 18, worthily headed the scheme, and Schumann's glorious pianoforte quintet in E flat, Op. 44, brought it to a no less worthy conclusion. Dr. Joachim took part in both works, as did Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, and Miss Fanny Davies sustained her share in the quintet with a fervour of sentiment and beauty of execution that recalled her illustrious teacher in her prime. Another great treat was the performance of the adagio and finale from Spohr's Duo Concertante in A by Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, with Sir Charles Hallé. Nothing more perfect could have been conceived, and the "king and queen of violinists" had to respond to no fewer than three recalls. Dr. Joachim was also heard with Miss Agnes Zimmermann in three of the well-known "Hungarian Dances," the greedy audience exacting a fourth for an encore; while Signor Piatti joined Mr. Leonard Borwick in a couple of movements from Rubinstein's sonata in D for pianoforte and violoncello. Amid this wonderful instrumental selection were interspersed some songs by Schubert and Brahms, to interpret which an old favourite at the "Pops," Mrs. Semon (better known as Fräulein Redeker), emerged from her retirement, thereby doing honour to a special occasion and affording unqualified pleasure to all who heard her. Mrs. Semon's vocal powers are quite unimpaired, and she sings, as she always did, like a consummate artist.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The absence of her Majesty the Queen, at Florence, and of other members of the royal family, renders the Court news of this week in England less worthy of note than hitherto. Her Majesty the German Empress Frederick, staying some days at Buckingham Palace, as we have mentioned, went on a visit to her sister, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, returned to London, and finally left England, going on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, at Port Victoria, on Tuesday night, April 4, to cross the sea for the Flushing route to Germany. The Prince of Wales, on Thursday, April 6, went to visit the Duke of Edinburgh at Devonport. The Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and her two unmarried daughters, in their Mediterranean cruise on board the royal yacht Osborne, visited the coast of Sicily, Messina, Taormina, and Syracuse from April 2 to April 4, and proceeded on their voyage to Greece. Their Royal Highnesses would be met by the King of Greece at Corfu, and would reach Athens before the end of the week.

The birth of another grandchild of the Prince and Princess of Wales, another of her Majesty's great-grandchildren, took place on Monday, April 3, when the Duchess of Fife was safely delivered, at East Sheen Lodge, of an infant daughter. The babe and the mother are both, as the medical bulletin says, "doing well."

The presence of English royalty at Florence has drawn many of our countrymen to that interesting city. On April 1 Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, accompanied by the Duke of Aosta, witnessed the ceremony of the Scoppio del Carro, or Flight of the Dove, an annual Florentine custom of great antiquity. There is a display of fireworks in the Piazza del Duomo, opposite the door of the Cathedral. They are lighted by a device constructed of fireworks, which is ignited at noon during the celebration of High Mass, and, gyrating as it moves, rapidly descends a wire stretched from the top of the high altar through the great central door to the Piazza outside. Beautiful weather favoured the ceremony, and the flight of the dove was most successful, presaging, according to the popular notion, a favourable harvest this year.

In London and all over England the Easter holidays were favoured with bright sunshine, clear air, and dry ground, the easterly wind being so mild that few persons could fear to spend hours of the day out of doors. Immense numbers of people went out of town; nearly 9000 visitors inspected Windsor Castle, and as many the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. On all the railways the traffic was exceptionally great. There was a large increase in the number of visitors to Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, Greenwich Park, Hampstead Heath, and other places of open-air resort. The Crystal Palace had about the same number of visitors as last year—over 47,000. The theatrical and other entertainments in the Metropolis were liberally patronised at night.

On Tuesday, April 4, the boys of Christ's Hospital School, according to ancient custom, were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House, and were presented with Easter gifts.

The chief political event of the week, during the Easter recess of Parliament, is the great Unionist demonstration in Ulster, attended by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, who arrived at Belfast on the Monday, and met with an enthusiastic reception. He was the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry at Mount Stewart. The right hon. gentleman spoke at the Belfast meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and would speak at Dublin on Saturday. Meetings are convened also at Glasgow, Newcastle, Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bury in opposition to the Ministerial policy, the leading speakers being Mr. Goschen, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir Henry James.

Cardinal Vaughan has returned to London from Rome, and on Sunday, April 2, celebrated High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Westminster; on the next day his Eminence received an address of congratulation from numerous English Roman Catholics, headed by the Vicar-General, Mgr. Gilbert, and the Duke of Norfolk.

A disastrous boat accident, with the loss of five lives, took place on Easter Monday on the estuary of the Crouch, in Essex. A party of friends from London and Southminster hired a sailing-boat for a run up the river. The boat went well for a mile and a half, till a gust of wind caught the sail, and caused the boat to capsize. Fortunately, the shrieks of the struggling men and women and the sight of the sinking vessel soon brought assistance. Fourteen persons were rescued, some of them in an exhausted condition, but four others, with the boatman, were drowned.

A destructive fire in London occurred on Friday, March 31, at the Phoenix Works, Carter Lane, and St. Andrew's Hill, Queen Victoria Street, in the occupation of Messrs. Judd and Co., printers and lithographers. The buildings were entirely burnt out, and the adjacent premises suffered; the total damage is estimated at nearly £100,000, but all insured.

The rural village of Chackmore, in Buckinghamshire, has been partly destroyed by a fire which rendered many poor families houseless and destitute. The accounts of their distressing condition have excited general pity.

The question of how to increase the water supply of Bath has been settled by the Council of that city deciding to construct a reservoir covering 10½ acres, and with a capacity of 50,000,000 gallons, at Monkwood, about five miles from Bath.

Further restoration work is about to be commenced of the historic Abbey of Crowland, Lincolnshire. The west doorway of the Abbey, which contains the legendary sculpture of the life of St. Guthlac, is now to be restored, and the entire west front is also to be preserved.

The National Union of Teachers held its twenty-fourth annual conference on Monday, April 3, and the following day, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, presided over by Mr. R. Greenwood. The Mayors of Liverpool and Chester were present. Mr. C. Bowden delivered an instructive address. Resolutions were carried in favour of the establishment of a complete and equitable scheme for the superannuation of teachers, and of the appointment as inspectors of only such persons as have adequate practical experience, within the State-aided schools, of the work they are required to inspect.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars was opened at Northampton Temperance Hall on Easter Monday. The Grand Chief Templar, Brother Joseph Malins, presided. Delegates to the number of 150 came from all parts of the kingdom, and every Grand Lodge officer was present. A procession, headed by a bicycle contingent and a temperance band, paraded the town. There was a public meeting at which Canon Hull, Vicar of All Saints, Northampton, presided.

A large cotton-spinning mill was destroyed by fire at

sitting was attended by all the arbitrators, Lords Coleridge, Shand, and Bowen being also on the platform with them. Among the public present were a large number of Americans. The counsel for Great Britain are Sir C. Russell, the Attorney General, Sir R. Webster, Mr. Robinson, of the Canadian Bar, and Mr. Box. Counsel for the United States are Mr. E. G. Phelps, Mr. J. C. Carter, Judge Blodgett, and Mr. F. R. Coudert; the assistant counsel being Mr. W. Williams and Mr. R. Lansing. Mr. C. H. Tupper, the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, acts as British Agent, and Mr. J. W. Foster, Secretary of State under President Harrison, as American Agent.

The German Reichstag meets, after the Easter holidays, to dispose of the Army and Finance Bills presented by Chancellor Caprivi and the Emperor William. Supporters of the Imperial policy declare that the present critical situation would not be changed in the least by Chancellor Caprivi's resignation, for all the Federal Governments are agreed that a strengthening of the army is urgently necessary, in order to maintain its superiority and the safety of the German Empire. "The conflict that would then arise will not be between the Reichstag and Caprivi, but between it and the Federal Governments and Sovereigns. Therein lies the gravity of the situation."

Prince Bismarck, on his seventy-eighth birthday, at his seat in Lauenburg, where he is Duke, received the congratulations of numerous deputations from the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein, to whom he made a speech, insisting on the benefits they had obtained since 1864 by annexation to the kingdom of Prussia and to the German Empire.

It has been arranged that on their way to Italy to attend the celebration of the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Margherita, the German Emperor and Empress will pay a short visit to Munich, where their Majesties will be received by the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

The Khedive's Council of Ministers in Egypt, on April 3, discussed the proposed modification in the constitution of the mixed tribunals. The creation of a Supreme Court of Revision, for the establishment of uniform jurisprudence between the mixed and native tribunals, was rejected, also the proposal to establish a single Land Registry office. On the other hand, the Council accepted the creation of a Court of Appeal to give a final decision in disputes of conflicting jurisdiction between the mixed and native tribunals. The new court will consist of two members of the Mixed Court of Appeal and two members of the Native Court of Appeal, with a president who must be a jurisconsult of European reputation.

The directors of the Commercial Bank of Australia, at Melbourne, have found it necessary to suspend payment owing to the continued drain on the bank's resources. The building society failures of last year weakened its coin and reserves and damaged its credit, with the result that heavy withdrawals of deposits began and continued. A million was taken out this

year, and on March 30 the sum of £115,000 was withdrawn. The extent of the bank's business is shown by the fact that in the balance-sheet of Dec. 31 the deposits and accrued interest amounted to £12,044,596, total liabilities to the public of £14,694,056; the assets including £12,111,235 for bills receivable and other advances. The main business is done in Victoria, but the bank has branches in New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, and Western Australia.

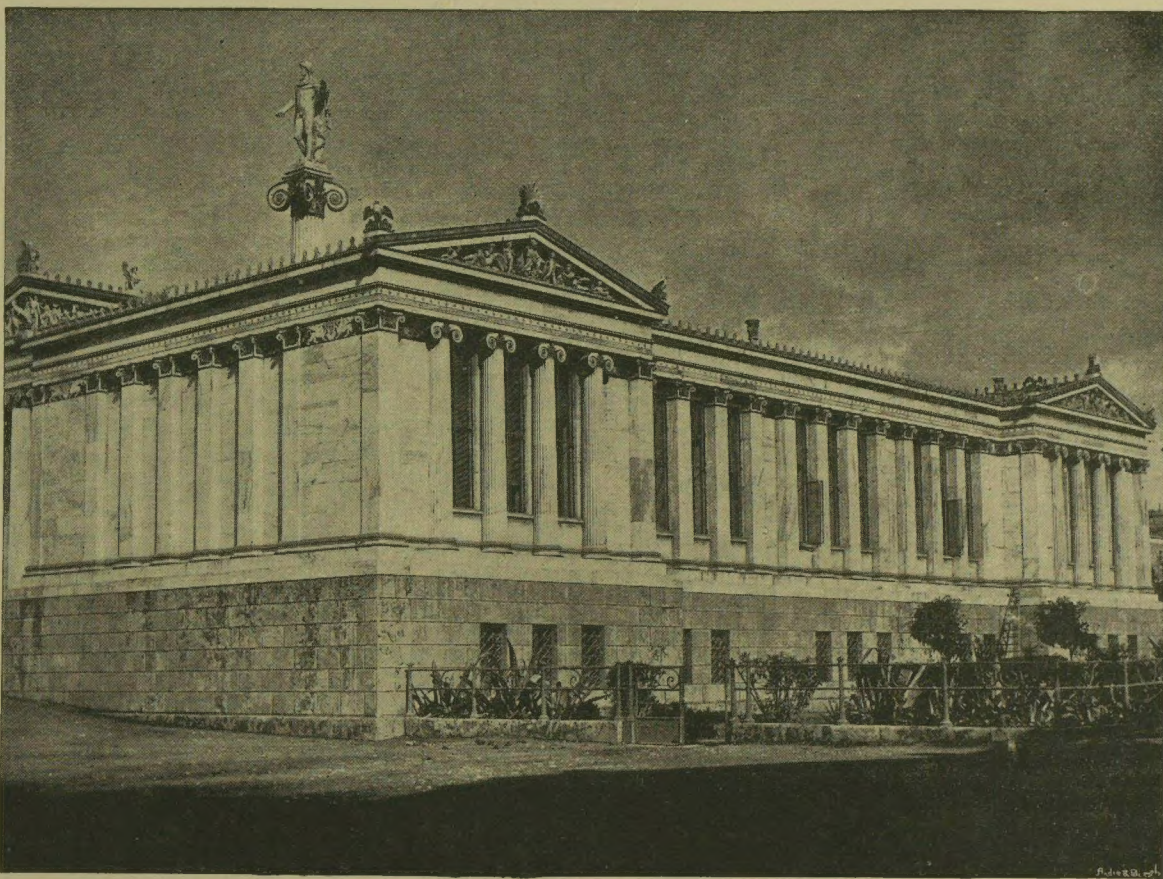
New Zealand seems to be prosperous; the revenue of the colony for the financial year ending with last month shows an excess over the estimates in every department, and there will be a surplus over expenditure of nearly half a million.

The French government authorities in Benin have expelled Mr. Bucknor, a native of Sierra Leone and a British subject, for corresponding with King Behanzin, of Dahomey, and recommending him to buy arms and ammunition.

X.

THE NUMISMATIC MUSEUM AT ATHENS.

In consequence of recent robberies at the Athens University Museum of Antiquities, it was judged expedient to remove all the coins it contained to the splendid building known as the "Academy." Our illustration represents the new wing which has been devoted to the Numismatic Museum. Besides several handsome gifts of coins and many recent excavations, the museum has now at length come into possession of what has really belonged to it for more than half a century, but was kept from it for want of space. This is the collection of Byzantine and modern coins, forming part of the Zosimades collections, of which only the ancient ones had been hitherto removed from the coffer in which they were sent from Moscow at the death of the brothers Zosimades. These coins, which are about to be exhibited at the museum, are now being catalogued by the director, Mr. Sboronos. They amount to 5644 in number, and weigh 1370 grains.



EASTERN WING OF THE ACADEMY AT ATHENS, CONTAINING THE NUMISMATIC MUSEUM.

Burnley on April 3. Three men were struck by a mass of falling masonry, and received serious injuries, which proved fatal to one of them.

It appears from a return just issued that the amount expended in poor relief, including both "in maintenance" and outdoor relief, in the 648 unions and parishes under separate Boards of Guardians in England and Wales, during the half-year ended at Michaelmas, 1892, was £2,191,172, being £1,192,389 for outdoor, and £998,783 for indoor relief, or a total cost of 1s. 6d. per head on the entire population of England and Wales, 29,403,346. In London the cost per head on the population is 2s. 1½d., of which 5d. goes for outdoor relief.

The French Ministerial crisis has resulted in M. Charles Dupuy forming a new Government, in which he is President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; M. Develle is Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Guérin, Minister of Justice; M. Terrier, of Commerce and Colonies; M. Peytral, of Finance; and General Loizillon, of the War Department. In this new Cabinet are four Ministers who did not form part of the last Ministry—MM. Guérin, Senator for the Vaucluse; Peytral, Deputy for the Bouches-du-Rhône; Poincaré, Deputy for the Meuse; and Terrier, Deputy for the Eure-et-Loir. M. Peytral, a member of the Extreme Left, has distinguished himself as President of the Budget Committee, and was Under-Secretary of State for Finance in the second De Freycinet Cabinet. He was made Minister of Finance in the Floquet Cabinet on April 3, 1888. M. Terrier was formerly a Controller of Indirect Taxation, but in 1881 and 1882 took to journalism. He is an advocate of a Progressive Liberal policy, but a strong Protectionist. M. Poincaré is a barrister at the Court of Appeal, is the author of the "Eloge de Dufaure," and was on the staff of the *Voltaire*. M. Guérin is a barrister, and has shown himself in the Senate a good speaker.

The Behring Sea Arbitration Tribunal held its first regular sitting on Tuesday, April 4, at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. The

AT THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.

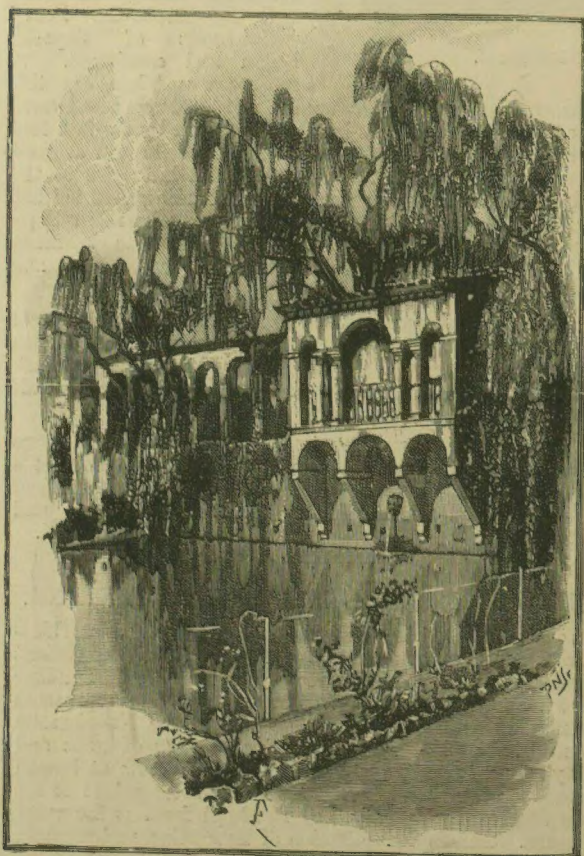


ON THE TERRACE.

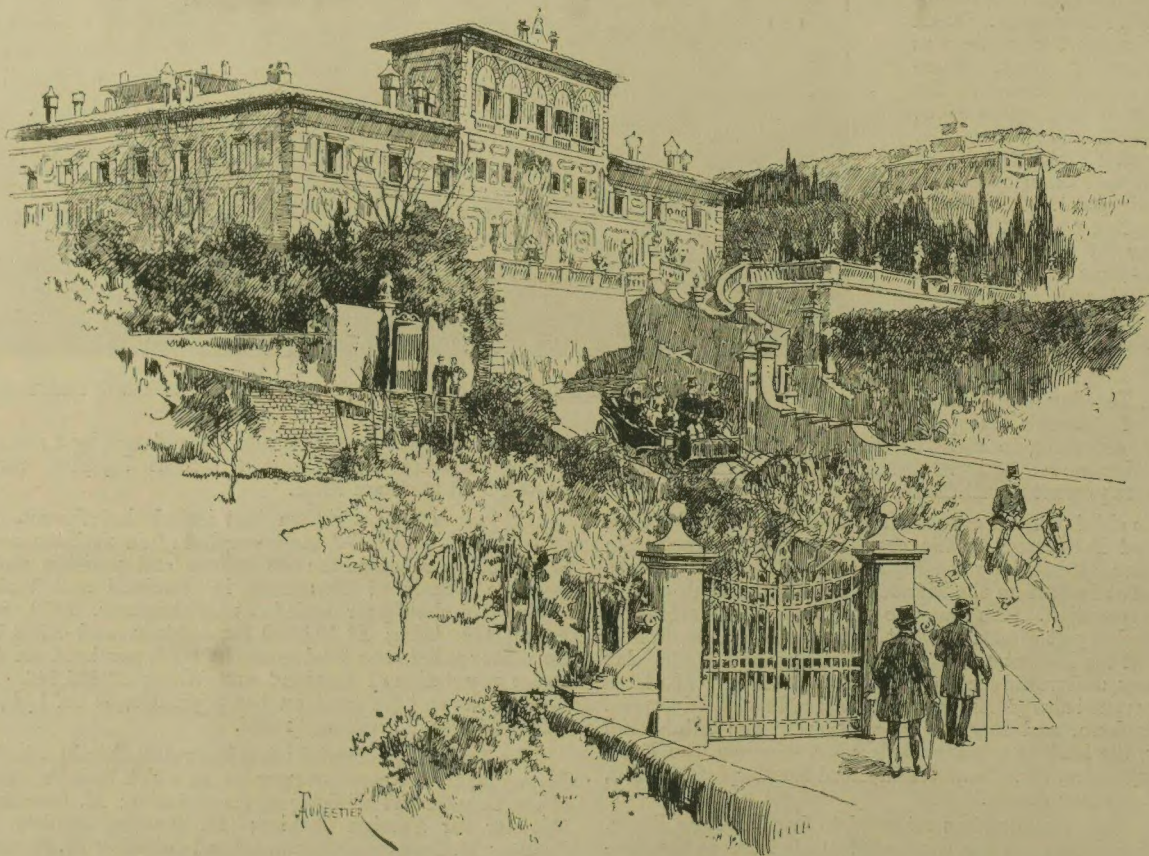
Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, continues to enjoy her residence at the Villa Palmieri, the mansion belonging to the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, on the hill rising to Fiesole, above the valley of the Mugello, two miles north of the city of Florence. Our Artist supplies further illustrations of the gardens, terraces, and pleasure-grounds of this villa, in which the Queen's private apartments consist of a suite of five rooms, fronting the north, on the first storey. The Queen's bed-room, at the north-east end, has three windows, at one of which is a raised platform with a settee, commanding a fine view of the hills above. The furniture, which includes a large oak wardrobe of ancient make, is very plain, the most notable object in it being the bedstead from Windsor, always sent in advance of her Majesty when she visits the Continent. Next are two dressing-rooms, in one of which there is a bed for the Queen's attendant. In these rooms are a dressing-table draped with guipure and a

picture of the Virgin and Child, done by Lady Mabel Lindsay. The Queen's sitting-room, with its two windows facing west and a third due south, affords views over Florence and the valley of the Arno. This room contains beautiful sandal-wood cabinets and a statue of Rebecca, which has been added since 1888. In front of the southern window stands the large writing-table with green leather covering, sent from Windsor. The room used by the

Leading out of the saloon is a dining-room, which her Majesty uses when she has guests. A lift has been constructed from the corner of this room to the Queen's apartments immediately above, so that she is under no necessity to descend the staircase. Just beyond is the dining-room, set apart for the ladies and gentlemen of the household. The only members of her Majesty's suite lodged upon the ground



THE VASCA GRANDE, POND IN THE GARDENS.



THE QUEEN DRIVING OUT.

Queen for breakfast and luncheon, and sometimes for dinner, is, like all the others, plainly though comfortably furnished. On the same storey, but separated from the Queen's rooms by a corridor, Princess Beatrice and her husband occupy what is ordinarily Lady Crawford's sitting-room, with a spacious bed-dressing-room. The chief rooms on the ground floor are the saloon and the theatre. The former, in which her Majesty sits for a time after dinner, contains handsome cabinets and settees. In the latter, which is provided with a gallery for musicians, stands a good bust of the Queen, presented by her to Lady Crawford as a souvenir of her pleasant visit in 1888.

floor are Sir Henry Ponsonby, Colonel Clark, and Major Bigge; those of the former being contiguous to the chapel, which has only occasionally been used for divine service since the Queen's last visit. The Queen, however, attends service here. The wall above the altar has been beautified by a very fine figure of Christ, done by Lady Mabel Lindsay. On Sunday, April 2, the Bishop of Rochester officiated at divine service in this chapel, and Princess Beatrice conducted the choir. The Queen and her daughter, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, drove to the Cascine in the afternoon. They have gone out every day, visiting different places of interest around Florence.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

"COME, MY BELOVED, TO MEET THE BRIDE."



HOSE who know the meaning of that strange obsession, that mysterious incubus, which sits in the brain, turns real things into unreal, suggests dangers, conjures phantoms, will understand why, when that terror of the Passing Show rose up before Francesca's mind, she fled into the street. There, at

least, she would not be alone; there she would be one of the crowd. It is a medicine which alleviates but cannot cure, like so many of the physician's prescriptions. She would not be alone; she could not in the street imagine herself looking out from the hotel window upon the crowd below.

The street itself was filled with children playing: an average

of half-a-dozen children to every house, for no man in this street had reason to be afraid of meeting his enemy at the gate. It is a fine breed of humanity, the offspring of the better kind of working man: let us have as many of them as we possibly can—to work for us at home; to fill our colonies for us abroad. Unconscious of what fate had in store for them, these future pillars of the Empire were playing in the road, a very paradise of a playground, because no vehicles except the dust-cart and the milk-cart—both personally and carefully conducted—ever came into it, and nobody could possibly be run over. On the pavement were walking, arm-in-arm, two-by-two, the maidens of the place, not factory girls with flaming feathers, but quietly dressed girls, of quiet manners: girls employed somewhere all day long—cashiers, accountants, post-office attendants, teachers, dressmakers, milliners—there is now no employment which does not want girls for something or other. These were, like Nelly, of the better class—girls in what is considered good employment, at good pay. Their day's work was done; they walked together, and talked *chiffons* and enjoyed the soft air of July. There were no young men among them: these were all on the country roads, miles away, mounted on bicycles. So long as a girl has a young man, like other girls, and is therefore enabled to maintain her self-

respect, she prefers to be left alone among other girls. The conversation of men is apt to run too much on shop and the "screw" and prospects. On proper occasions, in the winter, the young man must show himself. Meantime, girls, as a rule, get on a good deal better among themselves and without the men on a warm summer evening. They looked curiously at Francesca; they parted and made way for her to pass; they exchanged glances as she passed through them—the glances meant, without a word, that the hat and the jacket and gloves were things quite, mournfully quite, beyond their means; their glances meant surprise, wonder, approbation, and envy. Francesca looked in their faces as she walked, curiously and wistfully. Had she dared she would have stopped one here and one there to ask how she found the world and what she thought of woman and her servitude; but the girls' faces were not encouraging—they looked uncomplaining, even happy. They looked like asking her questions instead of answering; their eyes said, "Who are you? why are you here? Oh! what a lovely hat!"

Francesca found herself presently in a broad thoroughfare. Omnibus and tram-car rolled along the road; working men, young and old—but, like soldiers, working men are always young—lounged along, pipe in mouth, with the occasional well-known and expected jest: on a July evening—or,



He pronounced, also in Hebrew, a benediction on the wine.

indeed, on any evening after work, who would take the trouble to invent new jokes? They were good-humoured working men, and they paid no attention to a girl of the better class—why should they? To pay attention to any girl indicates imagination, and this is not a common quality among those who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow. Manual labour destroys the imagination: he who digs cannot become a poet. Then there were boys—boys of fifteen—who walked along, cigarette in mouth, each accompanied by his girl, a year older or a year younger: sometimes they sat on a doorstep, and so took the freshness of the evening air. They looked happy, these youthful couples, and as Francesca knew nothing of the Early Marriage Tragedies, she was pleased to see them happy. Then came the matron, basket in arm, who had done her shopping and was going home; or the work-girl belated, carrying an immense bolster of work as big as herself; or the "little mother" of eight with a baby of two in her tiny arms. And from the public-house came loud talk, and as the door swung open and shut, the foul breath of bad tobacco, bad beer, bad spirits, and bad language. Yet it was quite early evening, and it wanted an hour to sunset. And all the way and everywhere, besides the crowd on the pavement and the busy life of the road, there were the shops on one side, with their eager, busy shopmen, and on the other side of the broad pavement on the kerb long rows of stalls, where they offered for sale, with loud talk and chaff and jokes and shouting, things innumerable: all the things that there are to sell, except, perhaps, a few things that are reserved for Bond Street. A cheerful crowd: a gathering of people who were happy simply because they were gathered. Great is the power of even so casual an association: contentment, rest, satisfaction, sat upon all their faces. Astonishing!

Francesca walked along timidly: she thought that perhaps one of the young working men might address an observation to her: many of the young men addressed observations to the girls they passed, evidently without introductions. What should she do or say in such a case? Or, if she looked about too curiously it might be remarked. Therefore she kept as much as she could to the side of the stream near the houses, and listened and watched, trying to look as if she had important business which took her out.

But the hypochondriac feeling had left her: she felt no longer as if she was looking on at the Passing Show: she was no longer at the hotel window: she was down below, one of the crowd, in the throng and the thick of it.

She walked about half a mile down the road, then, as there seemed no change in the crowd and her steps showed her always the same thing—the crowd on the pavement, the trams in the road, the stalls where everything was sold on the kerb—since it was all the same, she turned and walked homewards. So far the crowd had not saddened her. Why should it sadden her? I know not. She had expected somehow to be saddened, and she was exhilarated. She remembered the Voice which she had heard from the marching crowd at Charing Cross. It was a Voice of Hope.

It was just eight when she reached the house. The pupil was gone, the lesson was finished, the music and the banjo were put away in the corner. Nelly was bustling about the room putting things in order, a dusting-cloth in her hand. Emanuel, also present, was doing something to help. There was something of the appearance of a Function—that is to say, the putting away seemed in some cases superfluous.

"Will you help, Francesca?" asked Nelly.

"What is there to do? You are lifting up things and putting them back again."

"Oh! I forgot. Clara told me. You don't know everything. Why, you see, it is the Eve of the Sabbath. Everybody in the house, from the master to the maid, does something to prepare for the Sabbath. It is the Law."

"Your parents have probably left the People and the Faith," said Emanuel. "Clara told me something of this."

"We do not belong to the People or to the Faith. We are Spanish Moors."

"Spanish Moors?" asked Emanuel. "I am a Spaniard, but I know of no Spanish Moors. There is Moorish blood in Spain, without doubt. But"—

"Our religion was Islam," said Francesca. "We were settled in Spain for a thousand years."

Emanuel shook his head. "You have been settled in Spain," he said, "for two thousand years, unless your face deceives me. None the less, you know not the Law. Learn, then, that with us it is a duty for everyone to assist at preparing for the Sabbath. The most learned Rabbi is not too proud to lay the fire or to chop the wood or to spread the cloth." In fact, he himself went through the form of laying the fire, while Nelly spread a clean white cloth. "There is nothing low or menial in preparing for the Sabbath. We welcome the day as a royal bride. 'Come, my beloved,' says our hymn, 'to meet the bride: the presence of the Sabbath let us receive.'"

Nelly placed two loaves of bread from a tray on the table and covered them with a clean napkin.

"The two loaves," said Emanuel, "are simply the double portion of manna which fell on the Sabbath Eve. Thus our children are every week reminded of the past. There is a napkin above and a napkin below. Thus fell the dew upon the manna and beneath it. But this is superfluous. Our people have carried their refinements and symbols in some cases perhaps too far. They were careful, however, that in ages of ignorance the people should be never suffered to forget their history."

Nelly placed other things on the table: things which made up the supper.

"Everything," Emanuel continued, "is prepared and cooked to-day in readiness for this evening and to-morrow. Nelly," he looked at his watch, "the sun is setting."

Nelly placed on the table a large lamp: it had seven wicks, a fact which Francesca did not observe, to stand for the seven days of the week. It was just before sunset. The western glow was reflected into the room from a window in the opposite side of the street, falling upon the girl and upon Emanuel,

and upon the white table, making the whole glorious. Nelly lighted the lamp. When she had done so she spread out her hands, repeating in a low voice a Hebrew prayer. Emanuel translated the words.

"This is the Woman's prayer," he said. "The Woman says this prayer on the Eve of Sabbath and of all Fasts and Feasts. It means 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast sanctified us with Thy precepts and commanded us to light the Sabbath lamps.' It is the privilege of the Woman to light these lamps. As everything that we do commemorates, atones, and praises, this act is a commemoration and an atonement of the sin of Eve, who extinguished the light of the world. It is also, as you see, a prayer of praise and blessing. The importance of the lamps is greatly impressed upon us in the Talmud. She who lights it must be dressed in her best."

Francesca now observed that Nelly was dressed in her newest and daintiest frock, looking very pretty and holiday-like. By this time other things were placed upon the table and Nelly invited her guest to take her place. "We ought to have been to Sabbath Eve service," she said. "To-morrow, Francesca, you shall go with me to synagogue if you will. I suppose you've never been in synagogue in your whole life?"

"Why should I?" asked Francesca.

Emanuel stood over the table gravely. He first took the decanter containing sherry, and poured out a glass of wine. Holding this in his hand, he recited certain words in Hebrew. They were the first three verses of the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, called the Sanctification for the Eve of the Sabbath. This done, he pronounced, also in Hebrew, a benediction on the wine. "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast created the fruit of the vine!" He then tasted the wine and poured out a little for the girls. He next repeated the customary grace before meat. Then he broke bread and gave to each. After this the supper began, and was carried on in quite a customary heathen fashion. The order and solemnity of the meal, however, impressed Francesca.

"In some houses"—Emanuel again seemed to read her thoughts—"the prayers and benedictions may become an idle form, a gable of words, but the form is always there in every Jewish household. While the form remains there remains also the chance of recovering the spirit. Remember, it is by strict exaction of the form that we keep the ignorant and the careless from losing their religion and their nationality. We are kept together by forms which we are forbidden to break through."

"I think you will interest me very much. I have never considered the subject of Judaism at all."

Nelly looked up inquiringly, and turned to Emanuel.

"There were reasons for all the forms which seem to those outside the People vexatious and trifling. You have a serious countenance, Francesca. If you like to converse upon the People at any time, I will tell you such things as may be useful to you. A woman is not expected to know the Law or to obey the Precepts which govern the man."

"That is what they say," said Nelly. "Women are not expected to know the Law. Oh! and how is the Law carried out, as far as the house is concerned, but by the women? What about the forbidden food and the Kosher meat? Are we not to learn the rules about boiling meat and the Separation of the kitchen things, and the unleavened bread and the Passover cakes and the Passover wine? If it were not for women learning all these things, Emanuel, you would have to turn cook and housekeeper yourself."

"Go to synagogue to-morrow," said Emanuel. "Ours is the Spanish synagogue, built in the year 1700, for the congregation of Sephardim—the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, who had come over with Manasseh fifty years before, when Oliver Cromwell gave permission. It is in the City of London. Mark well what is done. Nelly will explain something, I will explain the rest. Remember, however, that you are about to witness the most ancient ritual in the world, the most venerable form of worship which exists—a form which has come down through two thousand five hundred years at least of unbroken continuance."

After supper he pronounced the grace after meat and retired.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SYNAGOGUE.

*D'un jour intérieur je me sens éclairé,
Et j'entends une voix qui me dit d'espérer.—Lamartine.*

"Are you ready, Francesca?"

Nelly ran lightly down the narrow stairs, dressed for Sabbath and synagogue. She was dainty and pretty at all times in the matter of dress, but especially on a summer day, which affords opportunity for bright colour and bright drapery and an ethereal appearance. This morning she was full of colour and light. When, however, she found herself confronted with Francesca's simple grey dress, so closely fitting, so faultless, and her black-lace hat with its single rose for colour, Nelly's artistic sense caused her heart to sink like lead. It is not for nothing that one learns and teaches the banjo: one Art leads to another, she who knows music can feel for dress. "Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands. "That's what we can never do!"

"What?"

"That fit! Look at me! Yet they call me clever. Clara gives me the new fashions and I copy them, and the girls in our street copy me—poor things!—and the dressmaker comes to talk things over and to learn from me. I make everything for myself. And they call me clever! But I can't get near it; and if I can't nobody can."

To the male eye she would have seemed dressed as well as her friend—perhaps better. For against Francesca's grey dress with her black lace hat Nelly could show a sweet pink summer thing in wool with a pattern in bright-coloured flowers worked all over it, and lace about the neck and a rather

large hat with flowers to match and long tan gloves. Nobody in the street was ever better dressed than Nelly. But she certainly made her frocks herself, and the professional eye, comparing the result with her companion's frock, would perceive that it presented an amateurish appearance at best.

"Nonsense, Nelly!" said Francesca. "You have got a very pretty frock, and nobody could possibly look nicer in it than you do. As for me, I can make nothing. Why—I am ashamed to confess it—but I have never once in all my life had a needle in my hand. I think you are wonderfully clever to make such a pretty dress all by yourself."

Outside there was nobody in the street to see the Sabbath frock, because all the girls were away at work and the matrons were in the house over the morning work. "See what comes," said Nelly, "of not being like other people! If we kept the Sabbath on a Sunday the street would be full of girls to look at us. It's all a waste."

They took the tram as far as Aldgate, where stand the stately hayricks on wheels. It is a crowded part, thronged with people and with vehicles; but on Saturday there is less crowd than on any other weekday. Nelly crossed the road and plunged into a maze of narrow streets, where every shop and every warehouse was closed.

"Here's where all our people live," said Nelly. "The synagogue is just here."

She turned into an archway on the south side of the street, and led the way into a small paved court. On the east side and south side of it there was a group of buildings. One of them, a large detached structure of red brick, stood east and west, with a flat façade and round windows that bore out the truth of the date—1700—carved upon the front. A word or two in that square character—that tongue which presents so few attractions to most of us compared with other tongues, probably corroborated the internal evidence of the façade and the windows.

"This is the synagogue," said Nelly. She entered, and turning to the right led the way upstairs to a gallery running along the whole side of the building. On the other side was another gallery. In front of both was a tolerably wide grill, through which the congregation below could be seen perfectly.

"This is the women's gallery," whispered Nelly—there were not many women present. "We'll sit in the front. Presently they will sing. They sing beautifully. Now they're reading prayers and the Law. They've got to read the whole Law through once a week, you know." Francesca looked curiously through the grill. When one is in a perfectly strange place, the first observations made are of small and unimportant things. She observed that there was a circular enclosure at the east end as if for an altar; but there was no altar: two doors indicated a cupboard in the wall. There were six tall wax-lights burning round the enclosure, although the morning was fine and bright. At the west end a high screen kept the congregation from the disturbance of those who entered or went out. Within the screen was a company of men and boys, all with their hats and caps on their heads: they looked like the choir. In front of the choir was a platform railed round. Three chairs were placed at the back of the platform. There was a table covered with red velvet, on which lay the book of the Law, a ponderous roll of parchment provided with silver staves or handles. Before this desk or table stood the Reader. He was a tall and handsome man, with black hair and full black beard, about forty years of age. He wore a gown and large Geneva bands like a Presbyterian minister: on his head he had a kind of biretta. Four tall wax candles were placed round the front of the platform. The chairs were occupied by two or three elders. A younger man stood at the desk beside the Reader. The service was already begun—it was, in fact, half over.

Francesca observed next that all the men wore a kind of broad scarf made of some white stuff about eight feet long and four feet broad. Bands of black or blue were worked in the ends, which were also provided with fringes. "It is the Talleth," Nelly whispered. Even the boys wore this white robe, the effect of which would have been very good but for the modern hat, tall or pot, which spoiled all. Such a robe wants a turban above it, not an English hat. The seats were ranged along the synagogue east and west. The place was not full, but there were a good many worshippers. The service was chanted by the Reader. It was a kind of chant quite new and strange to Francesca. Like many young persons brought up with no other religion than they can pick up for themselves, she was curious and somewhat learned in the matter of ecclesiastical music and ritual, which she approached, owing to her education, with unbiassed mind. She knew masses and anthems and hymns and chants of all kinds; never had she heard anything of this kind before. It was not congregational, or Gregorian, nor was it repeated by the choir from side to side; nor was it a monotone with a drop at the end; nor was it a florid, tuneful chant such as one may hear in some Anglican services. This Reader, with a rich strong voice, a baritone of great power, took nearly the whole of the service—it must have been extremely fatiguing—upon himself, chanting it from beginning to end. No doubt, as he rendered the reading and the prayers, so they had been given by his ancestors in Spain and Portugal generation after generation, back into the times when they came over in Phœnician ships to the Carthaginian colonies, even before the dispersion of the Ten Tribes. It was a traditional chant of antiquity beyond record. Not a monotonous chant. Francesca knew nothing of the words; she grew tired of trying to make out whereabouts on the page the Reader might be in the book lent her, which had Hebrew on one side and English on the other. Besides, the man attracted her—by his voice, by his energy, by his appearance. She closed her book and surrendered herself to the influence of the voice and the emotions which it expressed.

There was no music to help him. From time to time the men in the congregation lifted up their voices—not seemingly in response, but as if moved to sudden passion and crying out with one accord. This helped him a little, otherwise he was without any assistance.

A great Voice. The man sometimes leaned over the Roll of the Law, sometimes he stood upright, always his great Voice went up and down and rolled along the roof and echoed along the benches of the women's gallery. Now the Voice sounded a note of rejoicing; now, but less, often, a note of sadness; now it was a sharp and sudden cry of triumph. Then the people shouted with him—it was as if they clashed sword on shield and yelled for victory; now it was a note of defiance, as when men go forth to fight an enemy; now it sank to a murmur, as of one who consoles and soothes and promises things to come; now it was a note of rapture, as if the Promised Land was already recovered.

Was all that in the Voice? Did the congregation, all sitting wrapped in their white robes, feel these emotions as the Voice thundered and rolled? I know not. Such was the effect produced upon one who heard this Voice for the first time. At first it seemed loud, even barbaric; there was lacking something which the listener and stranger had learned to associate with worship. What was it? Reverence? But she presently found reverence in plenty, only of a kind that differed from that of Christian worship. Then the listener made another discovery. In this ancient service she missed the note of humiliation. There was no Litany at a faldstool. There was no kneeling in abasement; there was no appearance of penitence, sorrow, or the confession of sins. The Voice was as the Voice of a Captain exhorting his soldiers to fight. The service was warlike, the service of a people whose trust in their God is so great that they do not need to call perpetually upon Him for the help and forgiveness of which they are assured. Yes—yes—she thought—this is the service of a race of warriors; they are fighting men; the Lord is their God; He is leading them to battle; as for little sins, and backslidings, and penitences—they belong to the Day of Atonement—which comes once a year. For all the other days in the year battle and victory occupy all the mind. The service of a great fighting people: a service full of joy, full of faith, full of assurance, full of hope and confidence—such assurance as few Christians can understand, and of faith to which few Christians can attain. Perhaps Francesca was wrong; but these were her first impressions, and these are mostly true.

In the body of the synagogue men came late. Under one gallery was a school of boys, in the charge of a grey-beard, who, book in hand, followed the service with one eye while he admonished perpetually the boys to keep still and to listen. The boys grew restless; it was tedious to them—the Voice which expressed so much to the stranger who knew no Hebrew at all was tedious to the children; they were allowed to get up and run into the court outside and then to come back again; nobody heeded their going in and out. One little boy of three, wrapped, like the rest, in a white Talleth, ran up and down the side aisle without being heeded—even by the splendid beadle with the gold-laced hat, which looked so truly wonderful above the Oriental Talleth. The boys in the choir got up and went in and out just as they pleased. Nobody minded. The congregation, mostly well-to-do men with silk hats, sat in their places, book in hand, and paid no attention.

Under the opposite gallery sat two or three rows of worshippers, who reminded Francesca of Browning's poem of St. John's Day at Rome. For they nudged and jostled each other: they whispered things; they even laughed over the things they whispered. But they were clad like those in the open part in the Talleth, and they sat book in hand, and from time to time they raised their voices with the congregation. They showed no reverence except that they did not talk or laugh loudly. They were like the children, their neighbours—just as restless, just as uninterested, just as perfunctory. Well, they were clearly the poorer and more ignorant part of the community. They came here and sat through the service because they were ordered so to do; because, like Passover, and the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Fast of Atonement, it was the Law of their People.

The women in the gallery sat or stood. They neither knelt nor sang aloud; they only sat when it was proper to sit, or

stood when it was proper to stand. They were like the women, the village women, in a Spanish or Italian church, for whom everything is done. Francesca, for the moment, felt humiliated that she should be compelled to sit apart from the congregation, railed off in the women's gallery, to have her religion done for her, without a voice of her own in it at all. So I have heard, indignation sometimes fills the bosom of certain ladies when they reflect upon the fact that they are excluded from the choir and forbidden even to play the organ in their own parish church.

The chanting ceased: the Reader sat down. Then the Choir began. They sang a hymn—a Hebrew hymn—the rhythm and metre were not English: the music was like nothing than can be heard in a Christian church. "It is the music," said Nelly, "to which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea"—a bold statement, but—why not? If the music is not of Western origin and character, who can disprove such an assertion? After the hymn the prayers and reading went on again.



IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

There came at last—it is a long service, such as we poor weak-kneed Anglicans could not endure—the end. There was a great bustle and ceremony on the platform: they rolled up the Roll of the Law, they wrapped it in a purple velvet cloth: they hung over it a silver breastplate set with twelve jewels for the Twelve Tribes—in memory of the Urim and Thummim—Francesca saw that the upper ends of the staves were adorned with silver pomegranates and with silver bells, and they placed it in the arms of one of those who had been reading the Law: then a procession was formed, and they walked, while the Choir sang one of the Psalms of David—but not in the least like the same Psalm sung in an English Cathedral—bearing the Roll of the Law to the Ark—that is to say, to the cupboard behind the railing and enclosure at the east end.

The Reader came back. Then, with another chanted Prayer—it sounded like a prolonged shout of continued Triumph—he ended his part of the service.

And then the Choir sang the last hymn—a lovely hymn, not in the least like a Christian, or, at least, an English hymn—a psalm that breathed a tranquil hope and a perfect faith. One needed no words to understand the full meaning and beauty and depth of that hymn.

The service was finished. The men took off their white scarves and folded them up. They stood and talked in groups for a few minutes, gradually melting away. As for the men under the gallery, who had been whispering and laughing, they trooped out of the Synagogue all together. Evidently to them the service was only a form. What is it, in any religion, but a form, to the baser sort?

The Beadle put out the lights. Nelly led the way down the stairs. Thinking of what the service had suggested to herself—all those wonderful things above enumerated—Francesca wondered what it meant to a girl who heard it every Sabbath morning. But she refrained from asking. Custom too often takes the symbolism out of the symbols and the poetry out of the verse. Then the people begin to worship the symbols and make a fetish of the words. We have seen this elsewhere—in other forms of faith. Outside they found Emanuel. They had not seen him in the congregation, probably because it is difficult to recognise a man merely by the top of his hat.

"Come," he said, "let us look round the place. Afterwards, perhaps, we will talk of our Service. This synagogue is built on the site of the one erected by Manasseh and his friends when Oliver Cromwell permitted them to return to London after four hundred years of exile. They were forced to wear yellow hats at first, but that ordinance soon fell into disuse, like many other abominable laws. When you read about mediaeval laws, Francesca, remember that when they were cruel or stupid they were seldom carried into effect, because the arm of the executive was weak. Who was there to oblige the Jews to wear the yellow hat? The police? There were no police. The people? What did the people care about the yellow hat? When the Fire burned down London, sparing not even the great Cathedral, to say nothing of the synagogue, this second Temple arose, equal in splendour to the first. At that time all the Jews of London were Sephardim of Spain and Portugal and Italy. Even now there are many of the people here who speak nothing among themselves but Spanish, just as there are Askenazim who speak nothing among themselves but Yiddish. Come with me: I will show you something that will please you."

He led the way into another flagged court, larger than the first. There were stone staircases, mysterious doorways, paved passages, a suggestion of a cloister, an open space or square, and buildings on all sides with windows opening upon the court.

"It doesn't look English at all," said Francesca. "I have seen something like it in a Spanish convent. With balconies and a few bright hangings and black-haired women at the open windows, and perhaps a coat-of-arms carved upon the wall, it would do for part of a Spanish street. It is a strange place to find in the heart of London."

"You see the memory of the Peninsula. What were we saying yesterday? Spain places her own seal upon everything that belongs to her—people, buildings, all. What you see here is the central Institute of our People, the Sephardim—the Spanish part of our People. Here is our synagogue, here are schools, almshouses, residence of the Rabbi, and all sorts of things. You can come here sometimes and think of Spain, where your ancestors lived. Many generations in Spain have made you—as they have made me—a Spaniard."

They went back to the first court. On their way out, as they passed the synagogue there came running across the court a girl of fifteen or so. She was bareheaded; a mass of thick black hair was curled round her shapely head; her figure was that of an English girl of twenty; her eyes showed black and large and bright as she glanced at the group standing in the court; her skin was dark; she was oddly and picturesquely dressed in a greyish-blue skirt with a bright crimson open jacket. The colour seemed literally to strike the eye. The girl disappeared under a doorway, leaving a picture of herself in Francesca's mind—a picture to be remembered.

"A Spanish Jewess," said Emanuel. "An Oriental. She chooses by instinct the colours that her great-grandmother might have worn to grace the triumph of David the King."

(To be continued.)



"CATSEYES."—BY C. MELNIK.

FROM THE MUNICH PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION.



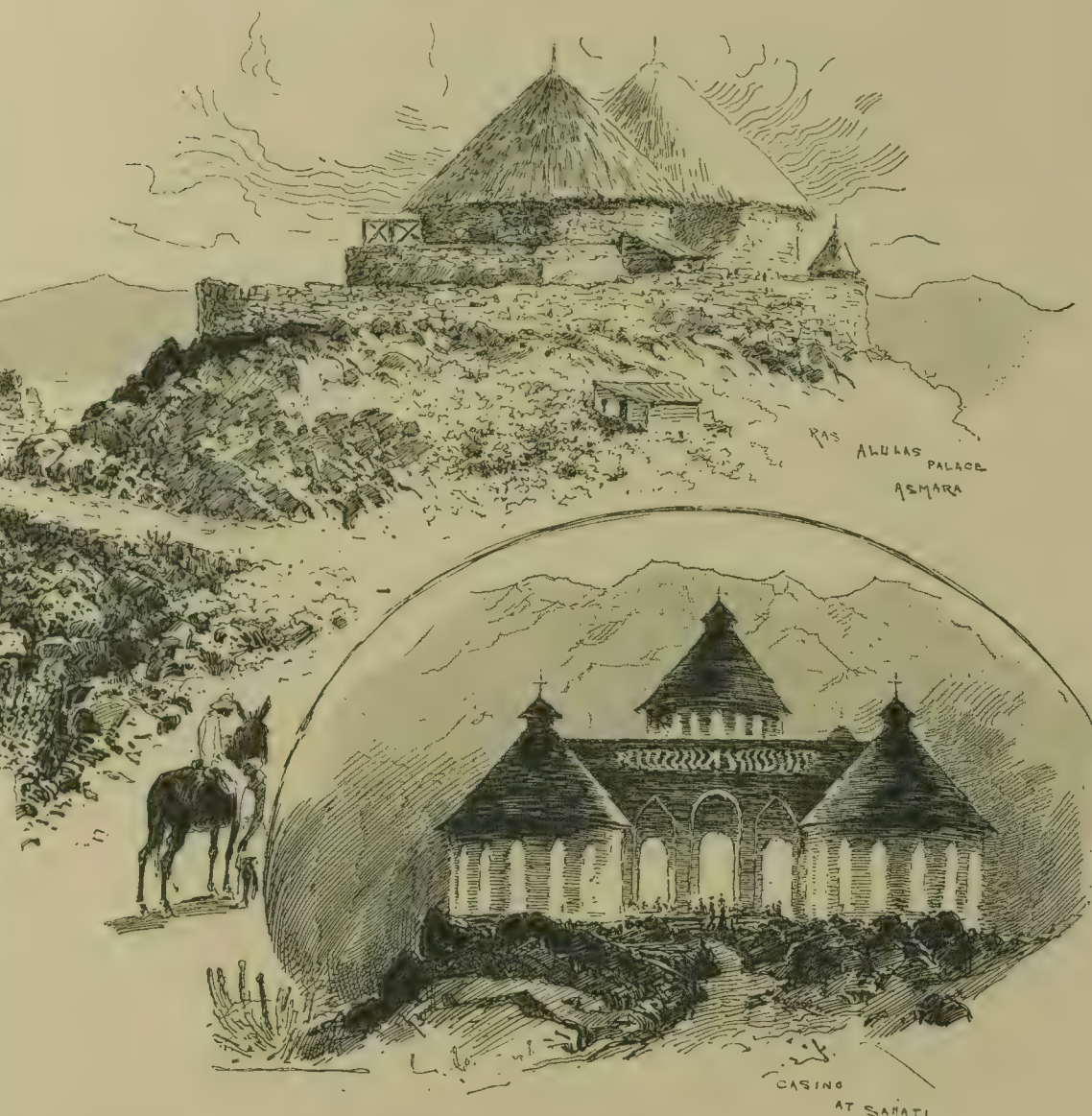
BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: RAMILLIES.—NARROW ESCAPE OF MARLBOROUGH FROM FRENCH DRAGOONS.

FROM THE HEART OF ABYSSINIA.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

Abyssinia proper is a high plateau 6000 ft. above the sea; in itself the country is like other high plateaus in Africa—Bechuanaland, for example—monotonous and arid, scorched by the sun in the dry season and a vast quagmire in the rains. The valleys leading up to it are lovely, covered with rich vegetation, and strongly recalling the valleys of Manicaland which lead up to the high plateau south of the Zambesi. Here, too, we have the gigantic baobab, the quaint *Euphorbia candelabrum*, or Kolqual, as the Abyssinians

call it; the sugar-flower, and many other old friends; but in Abyssinia the kolqual reaches a greater height and grows in vast forests up the hill slopes—an ungainly, wearying tree, constructed by Nature in one of her least artistic moods. At Sahati, at the entrance of the valleys, the Italians have a couple of strong forts, which have seen much service, in the days when Ras Alula lived up in Asmara and poured down upon the unfortunate colonists from time to time, until the Italians defeated him five years ago at Dogali, with the loss of five hundred of their men. The monument to these men stands on a hill just before reaching Sahati, which from its position is one of the most important places in the young colony. Farther up the valley there is another Italian settlement at Ghindeh, at which point you may be said to enter Abyssinia and to leave behind those wretched Mussulmans of the coast-line, where man and land are scorched by the sun until all virtue is taken out of both. Here you meet with Christianity in its most primitive form and a race inferior in many respects to the Kaffirs of South Africa—squalid, dirty, and immoral, which has retained the religion of Christ as though in the third century of our era, through the days of Prester John down to our time. From Ghindeh we made a détour from



the regular road to visit the Abyssinian monastery of Bizen, which crowns the summit of a mountain over 7000 ft. above the level of the Red Sea, and looking down from this eminence over the various ranges of mountains, the level coast-line, Massowah, and the sea.

We pitched our tents near a tiny village, where the ascent with mules became almost impossible, and started off at break of day next morning to visit the monks. The climb was a tedious one, up a path which was scarcely discernible, and even with four natives to guide us we lost our way twice. It took us three hours to reach the summit, where the monastery of Debra Bizen, or "the Church of the Vision," is placed; and truly the name has been well bestowed, for no more lovely vision could be imagined than the one which lay before us. We could easily see Massowah and the Red Sea coast-line; and the folds of rich blue mountains to the right and left of us, as we stood on the pinnacle of the sacred mountain, were glorious to behold. Gradually, as the day grew warmer, the

yards from the monastery where we could repose, when down came the monks, mute with horror and astonishment at so unholy a thing as a woman having approached so near. We were prepared for opposition if my wife attempted to enter the holy precincts, but never for a moment dreamt that she would not be allowed to come near the place. In vain we expostulated and pleaded fatigue, in vain we said we were English and determined to hold our ground; the monks sat around weeping, and exclaiming, "Better for us to die than to permit a woman to stay here." They dried their moist eyes with their long white skirts, and thereby they gained the day. Seeing their genuine distress, my wife's pity was worked upon, and she permitted her objectionable and weary person to be removed about a quarter of a mile away, where the rocks prevented her eyes from looking upon the sacred spot. We favoured males then set forth to visit the monastery.

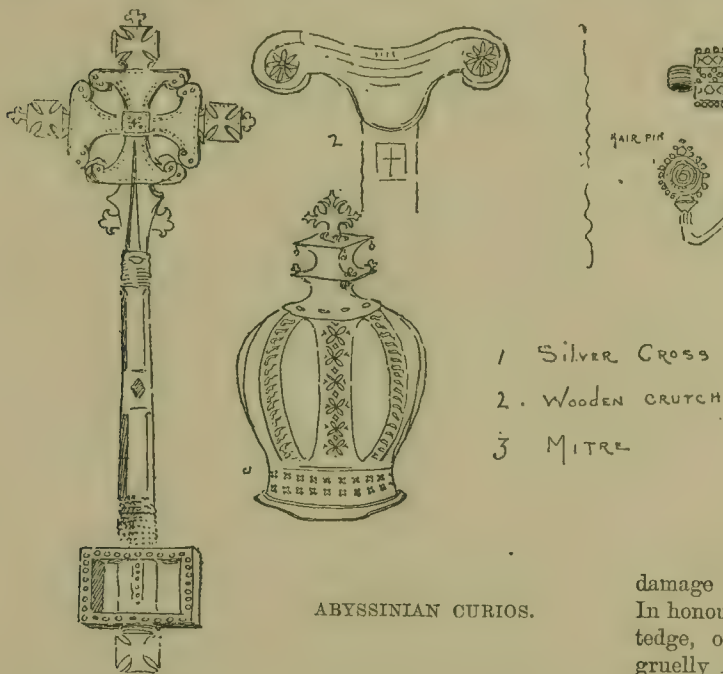
The church is round and built of wood; it has inside two corridors around it where the vulgar may penetrate,



mist came up from the sea, and we stood on a pinnacle looking upon hosts of fleecy woolly clouds, with other pinnacles as high as ours standing out in grim solitude. My wife and I, with our attendants, reached the holy precincts unobserved. We were seeking out for ourselves a spot about a hundred

yards from the square Holy of Holies, where they keep their treasure, not even the king may enter. The mysterious relics kept by the Abyssinians in these innermost recesses claim exceedingly bold origins; in one place they profess to have the original Ark of the Covenant, in another a bag full of wind blown by the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. At Debra Bizen our interpreter, a man of excellent education for an Abyssinian, told me, regardless of facts and dates, that they

kept the picture of the Madonna which Menelek, the son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, brought back with him from Jerusalem. The life of a monk at Debra Bizen must be enjoyable enough if the beauties of nature have any charm for the ascetic. He wanders about all day long in his white flowing robe and yellow cap, enjoying air of the most perfect freshness; he has his little stone cell or wooden hut beneath the shadow of the rock, where he retires to read his books in the strange-looking Amharic characters. He has his refectory, where he meets his fellows twice a day at meal-times; that is to say, when there is no fast on, and fasts in the Abyssinian calendar are many and rigorous.



On festival days he is very busy chanting and dancing in the church as he goes through the quaint ritual and religious antics so dear to the Abyssinian priesthood; he never marries, and from boyhood he has been consigned to this mountain eyrie; he knows nothing of the world or its vices; his existence is a negative one—he does neither harm nor good to his fellow-creatures.

On the following day we proceeded on our way as far as Asmara, the capital of the district of Hamasen, once, in the flourishing days of the great chief Ras Alula, one of the most important of the Abyssinian outposts. On reaching Asmara you are definitely on the high plateau of Abyssinia, about 7000 ft. above the sea; and the approach to it is curious. When once across the lip or edge of the valleys, the elevated plain stretches for miles before you; not a tree is to be seen, everything is arid, parched and brown. Whereas if you turn round and look behind you, a gorgeous view of fertile valleys and rugged mountain chains lies before you. When it is the dry season on the plateau it is the wet season in the valleys and down by the coast, and suddenly, almost in a moment, you step from one climate into the other, leaving the mist and rain behind and walking into sunshine and over parched ground where rain has not fallen for months. Asmara is a scattered place, with separate villages placed here and there; on a rock in the centre stand the huts which once formed the palace of Ras Alula, but which he abandoned for Adowa when defeated by the Italians. The oldest part of Asmara is that dominated by the church, one of the oldest and quaintest to be found in Abyssinia. It is square, and built of stone, with beams joining the walls together. You enter by a room into the churchyard, which room is devoted to beggars, where they sleep at night and importune by day those who visit the church. Hard by is the hut where dwells the priest. Inside, it is like a curiosity shop, piled up almost to the ceiling with old books in leathern cases, baskets full of silver crosses, the best silver mitre (worn on festival occasions), the wooden crutches on which the priests lean for support during the long services, and other church paraphernalia—all of which he willingly showed us, but could not be persuaded to part with a thing. "They are church property," he said, "and in olden days when a priest sold anything belonging to the church his hand was cut off." At the opposite end of the churchyard, in a filthy hut, dwells a nun with countless crosses hanging from her neck: she has been twice to Jerusalem and wishes to go again. Outside the church stands the peal of slate bells, corresponding to the *semadron* of the Greek Church, which the priest sounds with a wooden hammer for service. Inside the church is dark and gloomy, with only one corridor round it, for the benefit of the laity. Columns support the inner wail of the Holy of Holies, and everything bears the aspect of great antiquity. The floor is much below the present level of the ground, and I should imagine that this church dates back to the earliest ages of Abyssinian Christianity. The

columns and walls are decorated with quaint paintings recently done. One represents the chief Ras Alula conquering the dervishes of the Soudan. All the good people are full face, and all the bad people in profile. The attempts at depicting sacred subjects are quaint in the extreme. In one place Judas is cutting off St John the Baptist's head, whilst Herodias's daughter holds a bowl in which to receive the blood.

Another part of Asmara is devoted to the market, where many queer sights may be seen. Here sit various specimens of all Abyssinian tribes, Amhari from Gondar, Tigreni from Adowa, Galla from Shoa—all more or less of the same type—rich burnt-sienna in colour, with straight noses, refined lips, and delicate build. Each woman has her hair in plaits from the fore-

head backwards; in it she sticks pins of pretty filigree work; round her neck hang her charms and her silver ear-pick; around her loins she is girt with a white muslin robe. Some have wicker umbrellas with which to shade themselves; some seem to revel in the sunshine, which melts the butter which they put on their heads until it streams down their backs and saturates their garments. Two or three days before we reached Asmara a man had been fortunate enough to kill a lion, which had done much

damage in the neighbourhood and had killed two men. In honour of this event a great feast was given, at which tedge, or hydromel, flowed like water, and the thick, gruelly Abyssinian beer was handed round in buckets. Everybody did homage to the hero of the day, who stood triumphantly over his prey with his sword unsheathed to have his photograph taken; around his head he wore the mane of a lion—the privilege only of those who have slaughtered one. For the rest of his life the lion-slayer is a man of mark; in Abyssinia the right to wear the lion-mane round the head is as much prized as the investiture of a knightly order is with us.

FAMOUS REVIEWS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There are times when a critic is apt not to understand the scorn with which proud authors look on all his race. "I may be a failure," he thinks—though he is not always quite sure of that—"but is that any reason why I should not condemn other failures? My poems, failures or not, were at least better than Tom's, Dick's, and Harry's, who now receive my censures with such a lordly air of superiority. Bill is not necessarily my master because he has paid to have his nonsense printed in a book. I have read many books—go to! books are the air I breathe: if I may not speak my mind about books, who may?" Thus the scorned critic consoles himself. There are two easy modes by which he can help himself to understand the attitude of the author.



IN THE HEART OF ABYSSINIA: IN HONOUR OF A MAN WHO HAS KILLED A LION.

One—the most efficient, if the most laborious—is to become an author himself—to write a book. Then he perceives very clearly that his reviewers know nothing, and care less, for his topic, and that as for his book, they have not even been at the trouble to read it. He could pick out the few pages which each of them had cut open before sitting down to the critical task. A young author, who had produced a work of original study in a learned subject, lately observed that not one of all his reviewers had been of the slightest use to him: about two of them had once known something of his topic; the others neither knew nor ever had known anything. These dispassionate remarks appeared to show that there may be something rather rotten in the reviewing business; but then, the book was not a novel, and it is pretty generally admitted that novels are the only literary themes fit to exercise human intelligence. There is, however, a less crucial, but almost equally convincing, way of getting at the sense of the author's theory of critics. That is, to read the contemporary reviews of books which have for long been admitted masterpieces. It seems to

us, perhaps, that if we had been asked to criticise the early Waverley novels, or the early novels of Mr. Dickens, we must simply have "wondered with a foolish face of praise," and confined ourselves to eulogies and throwing up our caps in the air. Not that these or any other performances are faultless, but the novelty, the genius, would have so overcome us with admiration that it would have seemed waste of time to linger over the blemishes. But that was by no means the effect of these famous works on the contemporary reviewers. If we take Jeffrey on "Marmion," or Gifford (if it was Gifford) in the *Quarterly* on "Guy Mannering" or on "The Antiquary," we find these judges more than usual calm. The actual faults are more obvious to them than the merits, and where there are no faults the critics invent them. Their air of superiority, and not theirs alone, but that of every scribbler in some old, forgotten magazine, is very curious and amusing. Gifford (if it was Gifford) speaks of Scotch words, all of them linguistically English words, as "a dark dialect of Anglified Erse." He might as well have called it Syro Phœnician. The poor man moves in an ignorance which may be felt, and is always harping on Scott's "writing himself out," before Scott has got as far as his third novel. The advice is paternally administered, as by an old and experienced master to a clever but idle little boy. And the stereotyped turns of phrase are still doing duty in current criticism. As to enthusiasm, as to consciousness of contact with that rare thing, genius, there is seldom a trace of it, above all, in the *Quarterly*. There is none of the pleasure in the task which Scott showed in his review of "Frankenstein." To be really pleased, really delighted, seem to have been tabooed. Thus we know how Scott esteemed Miss Austen's work above all that "man, vain man," as he says, has done in her field. But when he reviewed "Emma" he did not give way to these natural and creditable emotions: perhaps he was not permitted to do so by Gifford. In the same way the *Quarterly*, under Lockhart, rightly mocked at a great many early faults in Tennyson, and all these faulty passages the poet corrected. But the reviewer does not show that he has perceived a single merit, and yet Lockhart, if he was the critic, was not insensible to poetry.

On the other hand, the contemporary review of "Pickwick" in the *Quarterly* was by no means so bumptious and dull as a reader might gather from a study in Mr. Walsh's amusing "Handy Book of Literary Curiosities." Here we find the quotation, "The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast. If he persists much longer in this course it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate: he has risen like a rocket and he will come down like the stick." This is usually taken as an unqualified prediction. But, in fact, the reviewer did qualify his remark by very high praise of Mr. Dickens's qualities, and by saying that his fame and fortune were secure if he gave his genius fair play. For instance, "Oliver Twist," then appearing in a magazine, was chosen as an example of his powers in novel-writing, in composition, in a style unlike the mere merry meanderings of "Pickwick." The remark about writing too fast seems to have been suggested by the weaker and duller papers in "Sketches by Boz." Had these been written, as they were published, after "Pickwick," then the reviewer might well have felt some anxiety. Of "Pickwick" itself he writes with a zest and appreciation which do not blind him to the defects—for example, to palpable imitations of Washington Irving in the coaching scenes, and to places where Dickens is writing from fancy, not from experience. We now, such of us as are old-fashioned enough to be Pickwickian, cannot bear to be told about spots in that sun, and think that no hearty reader should have remarked on them, even if he observed them. But this is to be on the further side of idolatry, as Ben Jonson seems to say about some admirers of Shakspeare. However, it is better, perhaps, to err on that side, and it is a side on which critics never erred in these old days. Their faculties of admiration were very limited, even in cases where the world has agreed to admire. This indifferent coldness of critics, who seldom have the courage to warm up till they hear all the lay world applauding, is, no doubt, one reason of their unpopularity among authors. Lukewarm writing makes very tame reading, and nothing is more insipid than a lukewarm and hesitating or carping criticism of an inspiring work; yet most contemporary reviews of masterpieces are of this kind. The reviewer acts as a non-conductor.

The feeding of seamen on board merchant-ships is to be regulated, after June 1, by new orders of the Board of Trade, under the Act of 1892. Stores of this kind, and the supply of fresh water, are to be officially inspected before a voyage from any British port round the Cape, or through the Suez Canal, or to the Pacific. The beef must consist only of "briskets, flanks, and plates of fine heavy grade, freshly cured, free from taint, and thoroughly sweet," fully pickled, and packed in sound casks. The rules for pork, for preserved meats and vegetables, and for biscuits and flour, seem tolerably precise; also for the cleansing and filling of water-tanks. A certificate from the inspector of these matters is required at the port of departure. Readers of Mr. Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor" who have never gone to sea except as saloon passengers may imagine the need of such regulations.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—No. 1. RAMILLIES.

"WHEEL INTO LINE!"

MARLBOROUGH BRINGING THE CAVALRY INTO ACTION AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPERE."—V.

Among Garrick's contemporaries we naturally find no higher ideal of costume than that which he himself



MISS YOUNGE AS CLEOPATRA.

acted up to. Spranger Barry, the silver-tongued actor who was the little man's most serious rival, seems to have been a particularly bad dresser. Look, for example, at the portrait of him in the character of Timon of Athens, which we give. What country, what period, what race could it possibly belong to? It simply defies description. In Othello Barry did not follow Garrick in the Venetian dress, but wore a military uniform. Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, thus describes his costume: "The noble, the victorious warrior was personated by this great actor in a full suit of gold-laced scarlet, a small cocked hat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, conspicuously displaying a pair of gouty legs." Very much the same dress, in fact, as he wore in Macbeth, as shown in our illustration. An odd point in Barry's dressing is mentioned by the author of "The Actor." He is discussing the dress of the player, and the necessity of its suiting the circumstances of the character. He remarks how absurd it is to see Orestes enter, after the tumult at the death of Pyrrhus, with his dress quite undisturbed, and adds: "Mr. Barry is pardonable in having his periwig new-dressed for the fourth act of 'Romeo,' because the poet has removed him to Mantua, and there must have been time for

such an operation." From which we learn that the periwig was a matter of some importance in "Romeo."

Another illustration shows the famous comedian Harry Woodward, in his great character of Mercutio. This young nobleman of Verona wears the dress of a squire of Woodward's day. To quote Dr. Doran, who describes this print: "On the top of a jaunty periwig was cocked one of those three-cornered hats popularly known as an 'Egham, Staines, and Windsor,' from the figure of the finger-post on Hounslow Heath pointing to those three towns. The hat was profusely gold-laced at the borders. The rest of the attire was that of a modern state coachman on a Drawing-Room day, save that the material was chiefly of velvet and that Woodward wore high heels to his gold-buckled shoes."

William Smith, whom we show in the character of Richard III., is the author of a very quaint letter regarding costume, which is printed in the "Garrick Correspondence," and is almost the only allusion to the subject it contains. Smith is writing to Garrick about the Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford, at which he is to walk in the procession as representative of the Crookback; and says, "If I recollect right, the hat I wear in Richard is very shabby; and the little ornaments I wore in it are locked up in town under a key I have with me. The hat Mr. Powell used in 'King John' is a good one, and I should suppose might be had with the ornaments in it."

I have hitherto said nothing about the costumes of the



WILLIAM SMITH AS RICHARD III.



BARRY AS TIMON OF ATHENS.

as Cleopatra what these dresses were like: a hoop, a heavily embroidered petticoat, a Court train, and a headdress of lace and feathers. Truly as ridiculous a dress for the Egyptian Queen as the mind of man (or woman) could conceive!

How Mrs. Bellamy dressed Cleopatra we learn from the following passage in her "Apology": "The manager had purchased a superb suit of clothes that had belonged to the Princess of Wales, and had been only worn by her on the birthday. This was made into a dress for me to play the character of Cleopatra." And in the Princess of Wales's birthday dress, the ground of which, we learn incidentally, was of silver tissue, the Queen of Egypt (date 50 B.C.) duly appeared; while her rival, Octavia, was more plainly attired in white satin. To Mrs. Bellamy's credit, however, it must be recorded that she was the first actress to make any stand against the hoop, prompted, of course, rather by her artistic sense than by any regard for correctness of costume. But, as we shall see, it was Mrs. Siddons who finally effected the reform towards which Mrs. Bellamy made the first step, and introduced the conventional costume, the chief idea of which was picturesqueness.

ROBERT W. LOWE.



BARRY AS MACBETH.—AFTER JAMES GWINN.

ladies, who were, if possible, even more regardless of archaeology than their male companions. In the time of Cibber every heroine had a broad sweeping train of great length, which necessitated the services of a page in continual attendance: a practice to which Addison alludes in the forty-second *Spectator*. "It is, in my opinion," he says, "a very odd spectacle to see a Queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown." During Garrick's career the page appears to have been abolished, though the dresses do not seem to have materially changed their characteristics. Perhaps the best proof of their general inappropriateness is the fact that the same dress served for characters of all periods. Lady Macbeth was apparelled in much the same style as Hermione; Cleopatra and Ophelia might have been ornaments of the same royal Court. It will be seen from our print of Miss Younge



WOODWARD AS MERCUTIO.

A SISTER OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Letitia Mary Dickens, whose death has been recently announced, was born in St. Mary's Place, Chatham, when her brother Charles was about four years old. That was in 1816, on April 23, a birthday she was proud to share with Shakspeare. She was one of eight brothers and sisters, two of whom died in infancy. Of the two Dickens girls who grew up she was the younger, her sister Fanny, afterwards Mrs. Henry Burnett, being six years her senior. Mrs. Burnett died in early married life; her husband, who survived her for many years, dying only this year, and on the date of Charles Dickens's birthday. For the last twenty-two years of his life Charles Dickens, therefore, had this only sister, Letitia; and she survived him for a like period of twenty-two years, devoted to his memory. With her has passed away the last of the eight children of John and Elizabeth Dickens.

Not a very placid or easy girlhood was Letitia's. Work fell to her lot early, since poverty was the portion of her parents. At the age of twenty she married Mr. Henry Austin, a civil engineer of some repute. He worked for the Government, when the insanitary condition of some country districts seemed an invitation to the cholera in the early forties; and when he died, in 1861, at the age of fifty, his widow became the recipient of a pension, on which she lived in Spartan dignity during thirty-two years of mourning. The news of his brother-in-law's death reached Charles Dickens at Gadshill. Certainly he did his best as a consoler, where, in truth, consolation was sorely needed. "I am heartily glad," he writes to his sister, under date November 1861, when he hears she has done that difficult thing for the broken-hearted—faced out-of-door life and light for the first time—"I am heartily glad to hear that you have been out in the air, and I hope you will go again very soon, and make a point of continuing to go. There is a soothing influence in the sight of the earth and sky, which God put into them for our relief when He made the world, in which we are all to suffer and strive and die." He adds that he will write often and that she may be sure he is always "sympathetic and true." After a whole year had elapsed, and grief still held sway over his sister, he tried his power as a comforter again. "I do not preach consolation," he frankly wrote, "because I am unwilling to preach at any time—I know my own weakness too well. But in this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God. Through those two harbours of a shipwrecked heart I fully believe that you will in time find a peaceful resting-place even on this careworn earth. Heaven speed the time, and do you try hard to help it on! It is impossible to say but that our prolonged grief for the beloved dead may grieve them in their unknown abiding-place and give trouble." And he might have quoted Barnes's beautiful ditty, "The Mother's Dream," the sentiment of which he was merely expressing in rougher form—

As in heaven high
I my child did seek
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek;
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight:
Each was dear to sight,
But they did not speak.
Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn.
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn.
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn!"

Charles Dickens was very practical, even in these matters of intimate advice; and only those who have tried the following recipe in the time of their trouble will know how excellent it is. "Nothing," he says, "is to be attained without striving. In a determined effort to settle the thoughts, to parcel out the day, to find occupation regularly or to make it, to be up and doing something, is chiefly to be found the mere mechanical means which must come to the aid of the best mental efforts."

Despite all advice, Mrs. Austin remained a mourner all her long life. She had no children of her own; but she and her husband had adopted a namesake and cousin of his—Mr. Henry Austin—and with him she lived in the first years of her widowhood. When he married, she shared her housekeeping with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Augustus Dickens. When the young Henry Austin, too, died, which he did at the age of twenty-eight, she mourned afresh. Among the many score of letters from Charles Dickens in her possession, which filled a despatch-box, none is more characteristic in its way than that in reply to one of hers inviting him to her adopted son's funeral. After pleading a press of business as a reason for refusing the invitation, he adds: "Between ourselves, I have the greatest objection to attend a funeral in which my affections are not strongly and immediately concerned. I have no notion of a funeral as a matter of form or ceremony. And, just as I should expressly forbid the summoning to my own burial of anybody who was not very near or dear to me, so I revolt from myself appearing at that solemn rite unless the deceased were very near or dear to me. I cannot endure being dressed up by an undertaker as part of his trade show. I was not in this poor, good fellow's house in his lifetime, and I feel that I have no business there when he lies dead in it. My mind is penetrated with sympathy and compassion for the young widow, but that feeling is a real thing, and my attendance as a mourner would not be—to myself." This adopted son left, besides his young widow, two children. One of these, in particular, was the devoted companion of Mrs. Austin in

her declining years, and together they stood beside her grave at Ealing, the deepest mourners.

Mrs. Austin's long widowhood was passed in great seclusion, latterly in Scarsdale Villas, Kensington. In the old days she had seen a good many people, especially artists and literary men, such as Leigh Hunt and Leech, Thackeray and Augustus Egg. Lord Shaftesbury was her husband's friend more than he was hers. She had all the quickness and energy characteristic of the family, and her sense of humour remained keen and bright throughout. She was fond of attending her brother's readings and the banquets at which he was to speak. Her pride in him may be said to have been one of the main interests of her life; and his career, therefore, afforded her the consolation which his formal words could not supply. Out of a set of original editions she read his works constantly, her favourite of all among them being, perhaps, the "Christmas Carol." His portrait and various views of Gadshill covered her narrow walls. Her own portrait she always refused to sit for, until, a few months before her death, an amateur caught her almost unawares, with a result which we now reproduce. Her likeness to her father, a striking one in life, was still more apparent in death.

W. M.

Superstition in Italy, as in Austria, Russia, India, and Central Africa, still occasionally provokes the ignorant to acts of amazing cruelty. At Ponte Ema, a few miles from Florence, the parish priest told a peasant family, whose



MISS L. M. DICKENS (MRS. HENRY AUSTIN).

daughter had bad hysterical fits, that the girl was possessed of a devil. They consulted the "wise woman" of the Via Pitti, to whom they paid a fee of twenty-five lire. Her prescription was that the next stranger who came to their cottage door should be roasted in the oven fire. So they went home and did as they were bid. The victim was a poor old beggar woman; she was nearly burnt alive, but her shrieks brought people to the house just in time to save her. At Laksham, in the Tipperah hill country, between Bengal and Assam, the villagers are excited by a rumour that the contractors for a railway bridge intend to sacrifice a hundred children, whose heads are to be buried in the foundations of the structure. In more than one instance, quite recently, maltreatment of the Jews in certain districts of Germany, Hungary, and Poland has arisen from a suspicion of their slaying Christian children to use their blood for the Passover rites. It seems questionable whether European enlightenment be so far ahead of Asia. Belief in sorcery and demoniacal power has remained in Christendom as well as among pagan nations.

The Austrian Government has published an official warning to emigrants from that empire against the deceptive promises of good wages, grants of land, and advances of money in certain provinces of Brazil. Some who went out there have suffered much distress, and the Austrian Consul has not been able to obtain redress.

The financial difficulties of the Colonial Governments at Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, whose revenues have largely decreased, are to be met partly by an all-round reduction of the salaries of Ministers, of persons employed in the Civil Service, and of members of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly, with the stoppage of expenditure on public works, and other measures of economy.

ART NOTES.

The Spring Exhibitions at Messrs. Tooth's and Mr. McLean's Galleries bring home somewhat vividly the truth of the old saying that it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Thirty years ago modern Continental art was little known and less appreciated in this country, and our own painters had much to learn from their French, German, Dutch, and Belgian confrères. Many of these were not only skilful in technique, but original in thought, and their influence was certainly beneficial. By this time we have learnt almost as much as they can teach us, and, moreover, the increased freedom of communication with foreign countries enables us to study our Continental friends at home. It is, of course, quite right to show such a masterful bit of drawing and colouring as M. Bouguereau's "Cupid and Psyche" (Tooth's); but there is quite enough excellence to be patronised in home art as shown in Mr. Peter Graham's "Moorland and Mist" (McLean's), Mr. George Clausen's "Haymakers" (McLean's), Mr. D. Farquharson's "Glenlyon" (Tooth's), to dispense with the necessity of going afield in search of attractions for picture-buyers. Free trade in art, as in everything else, is a very legitimate cry. Unfortunately, the home-producer is often placed at a disadvantage from no fault of his own, but simply because the picture-dealers have persuaded the picture-buyers that foreign art is more fashionable. They forget to add that fashions change, and that the intrinsic merit of these thoroughly artificial works is far less than that of the more sober English artists who are honestly attempting to transcribe pages from the book of Nature instead of composing pictures according to the cook's or the professor's recipe.

The wordy disputation which for some weeks has raged round the subject of the "New Art Criticism" has for the time been quelled by the editorial fiat, "This correspondence must now cease." In this decision most peace-abiding picture-lovers will heartily concur, for we take leave to doubt whether one reader in a hundred could understand the point in dispute, except that Degas' picture of "L'Absinthe," which gave a thrill of delight to one critic, gave a shudder of horror to another. The picture, like the liqueur, is obviously an acquired taste, and, taken in moderation, each might act as a wholesome stimulant to the artist and the critic. The most striking fallacy which seems to underlie the new criticism is the refusal to admit any standard of criticism of art except that which is contemporary. Raphael, Correggio, or Reynolds were appreciated in their day, and justly so. Posterity has had "to be coerced into admiring, or feigning to admire, the Old Masters," and if these critics were only logical they would have to admit that Degas and many of his less gifted imitators ought to be admired by their contemporaries of the present day. Perhaps they ought, but, as a matter of fact, they are not—or at least only by a select few. We have a standard of taste in literature—whether it be Molière or Shakspeare, Boileau or Pope; and, as regards the form of language, we look to them for tests rather than to the popular songs of Mr. Albert Chevalier and of Mesdames Judic and Théo or to the "symbolism" so often enshrined in the columns of the *Pink 'Un*.

Mr. Dendy Sadler deserves a special testimonial from men of middle life. He is never weary of doing them acts of kindness and bearing witness to their devotion to fishing, conviviality, and widows; and he knows how to pay his compliments with fervour as well as discretion. In his last clever work, "The Rivals," etched by M. Ganjion (Frost and Reed, London and Bristol), we have a very good specimen of Mr. Sadler's sense of humour, appreciation of garden life, and powers of composition. The subject is as old as the days when widows were permitted to remarry and to make that sacrifice of experience to hope which has been their frequent mission. Between her two suitors—one serious and the other sporting, if we may judge by their respective modes of dress—the lady seated on the garden-bench plays her part with well-trained skill; and the artist, who is no less of an adept in his own line, has succeeded in producing a pretty picture, which tells its own simple story with point, but without exaggeration. The yew hedge in the background and the flowers in the foreground will go far to make the picture acceptable to those who have no liking for frivolous subjects.

The announcement of the approaching dispersal of the Holford and Baring collections, following immediately on the Spitzer sale, is a curious commentary on the "bad times," and it will be interesting to see whether the pockets of collectors can stand this continued strain. Of the Spitzer collection the value has been variously estimated at from £200,000 to £500,000; and a rumour was once current that a wealthy American had offered the first-named price for the collection *en bloc*. After the prices realised last year at the Dudley sale it would be impossible to forecast the produce of the Holford collection, which contains at least a hundred pictures of first-rate excellence of the Spanish, Dutch, Venetian, Florentine, and other schools. In addition to the pictures there are a large number of original drawings and many choice engravings, which in the eyes of connoisseurs rank as the finest specimens of their respective masters. There are many other treasures at Holford House in the shape of rare and beautifully illuminated manuscripts, a first edition of the "Biblia Pauperum," and other remarkable specimens of early block-printing; while among the valuable books of the library is a copy of Nicolo di Lorenzo's edition of Dante with Baldini's engravings, besides many other rare works highly prized by collectors in Europe and America.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: RAMILLIES.—ATTACK BY LORD CLARE'S IRISH REGIMENT IN THE FRENCH SERVICE.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE: 1791—1793.

"The friendly cloisters and quiet grove of dear ever-honoured
Jesus College, Cambridge."

LETTER V.

To the Rev. George Coleridge— October 16, 1791.

DEAR BROTHER,—Here I am, videlicet, Jesus College. I had a tolerable journey, went by a night coach packed up with five more, one of whom had a long, broad, red-hot face, four feet by three. I very luckily found Middleton at Pembroke College, who (after breakfast, etc.) conducted me to Jesus. Dr. Pearce is in Cornwall and not expected to return to Cambridge till the summer, and what is still more extraordinary (and, n.b., rather shameful) neither of the tutors are here: I keep (as the phrase is) in an absent member's rooms till one of the aforesaid duetto return to appoint me my own. Neither Lectures, Chapel, or anything is begun. The College is very thin, and Middleton has not the least acquaintance with any of Jesus except a very blackguardly fellow whose physiognomy I did not like. So I sit down to dinner in the Hall in silence, except the noise of suction which accompanies my eating, and rise up ditto. I then walk to Pembroke and sit with my friend Middleton. Pray let me hear from you. Le Grice will send a parcel in two or three days.

Believe me, with sincere affection and gratitude, yours
ever,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER VI.

To the Rev. George Coleridge—

Monday night, April [1792].

DEAR BROTHER,—You would have heard from me long since had I not been entangled in such various businesses as have occupied my whole time. Besides my ordinary business, which, as I look forward to a smart contest some time this year, is not an indolent one, I have been writing for all the prizes—namely, the Greek Ode, the Latin Ode, and the Epigrams. I have little or no expectation of success, as a Mr. Smith, a man of immense Genius, author of some papers in the "Microcosm," is among my numerous competitors. The prize medals will be adjudged about the beginning of June. If you can think of a good thought for the beginning of the Latin Ode upon the miseries of the W. India slaves, communicate. My Greek Ode is, I think, my *chef d'œuvre* in poetical composition. I have sent you a sermon metamorphosed from an obscure publication by vamping, transposition, &c. If you like it, I can send you two more of the same kidney. Our examination as Rustics comes on the Thursday in Easter Week. After it a man of our college has offered to take me to town in his Gig, and, if he can bring me back, I think I shall accept his offer, as the expense, at all events, will not be more than 12 shillings, and my very commons, and tea, etc., would amount to more than that in the week which I intend to stay in town. Almost all the men are out of college, and I am most villainously vapoured. I wrote the following the other day under the title of "A Fragment found in a Lecture Room"—

Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream
And bog and desolation reign supreme,
Where all Boetia clouds the misty brain,
The owl Mathesis pipes her loathsome strain.
Far far aloof the frightened Muses fly,
Indignant Genius scowls and passes by:
The frolic Pleasures start amid their dance,
And Wit congealed stands fix'd in wintry trance.
But to the sounds with duteous haste repair
Cold Industry, and wary-footed Care;
And Dulness, dosing on a couch of lead,
Pleas'd with the song uplifts her heavy head,
The sympathetic numbers lists awhile
Then yawns propitiously a frosty smile. . . .

[Cætera desunt.]

This morning I went for the first time with a party on the river. The clumsy dog, to whom we had entrusted the sail was fool enough to fasten it. A gust of wind embraced the opportunity of turning over the boat, and baptizing all that were in it. We swam to shore, and walked dripping home, like so many River Gods. Thank God! I do not feel as if I should be the worse for it.

I was matriculated on Saturday. Oath-taking is very healthy in spring, I should suppose. I am grown very fat. We have two men at our college, great cronies: their names Head and Bones; the first an unlucky cub of a Yorkshireman, the second a very fierce buck. I call them *Raw Head* and *Bloody Bones*.

As soon as you can make it convenient I should feel thankful if you could transmit me ten or five pounds, as I am at present cashless.

Pray, was the Bible Clerk's place accounted a disreputable one at Oxford in your time! Poor Allen, who is just settled there, complains of the great distance with which

the men treat him. 'Tis a childish University! Thank God! I am at Cambridge. Pray let me hear from you soon, and whether your health has held out this long campaign. I hope, however, soon to see you, till when believe me, with gratitude and affection, yours ever,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

FIRST LOVE.

When youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man;
Then, Mary! mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.—S. T. C.

"Mary Evans, quam afflictum et perditum amabam"—
S. T. C. to R. Southey, June 1794.

I mix in life and labour to seem free,
With common persons pleased and common things;
When every thought and action tends to thee,
And every impulse from thy influence springs.
S. T. C., circa 1795.

Mary Evans was the daughter of a widow lady, whose son Coleridge had befriended at Christ's Hospital, and who, in return, showed him much kindness and hospitality during the later years of his school-life. "I naturally," he said, "fell in love with her eldest daughter."

LETTER VII.

To Miss Mary Evans—

Feb. 7, 1793.

I would to Heaven, my dear Miss Evans, that the God of Wit, or News, or Politics would whisper in my ear something that might be worth sending fifty-four miles—but alas! I am so closely blocked by an army of misfortunes that really there is no passage left open for mirth or

This new whim of mine is partly a scheme of self-defence. Three neighbours have run music-mad lately—two of them fiddle-scrappers, the third a flute-tooter—and are perpetually annoying me with their vile performances, compared with which the gruntings of a whole herd of sows would be seraphic melody. Now I hope, by frequently playing myself, to render my ear callous. Besides, the evils of life are crowding upon me, and Music is "the sweetest assuager of Cares." It helps to relieve and soothe the mind, and is a sort of refuge from calamity, from slights and neglects and censures and insults and disappointments; from the warmth of real enemies and the coldness of pretended friends; from your *well wishers* (as they are justly called, in opposition, I suppose, to *well doers*), men whose inclinations to serve you always decrease in a most mathematical proportion as their opportunities to do it increase; from the—

Proud man's contumely, and the spurns
Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes;

from grievances that are the growth of all times and places and not peculiar to *this age*, which authors call *this critical age*, and divines *this sinful age*, and politicians *this age of revolutions*. An acquaintance of mine calls it *this learned age* in due reverence to his own abilities, and like Monsieur Whatd'yecallhim, who used to pull off his hat when he spoke of himself. The Poet Laureat calls it "*this golden age*," and with good reason—

For him the fountains with Canary flow,
And, best of fruit, spontaneous guineas grow.

Pope, in his "Dunciad," makes it *this leaden age*, but I chuse to call it without an epithet, *this age*. Many things we must expect to meet with which it would be hard to bear, if a compensation were not found in honest endeavours to do well, in virtuous affections and connections, and in harmless and reasonable amusements. And why should not a man amuse himself sometimes? *Vive la bagatelle!*

I received a letter this morning from my friend Allen. He is up to his ears in business, and I sincerely congratulate him upon it—occupation, I am convinced, being the great secret of happiness. "Nothing makes the temper so fretful as indolence," said a young lady who, beneath the soft surface of feminine delicacy, possesses a mind acute by nature, and strengthened by habits of reflection. 'Pon my word, Miss Evans, I beg your pardon a thousand times for bepraising you to your face, but, really, I have written so long, that I had forgot to whom I was writing.

Have you read Mr. Fox's Letter to the Westminster Electors? It is quite the political *go* at Cambridge, and has converted many souls to the Foxite faith.

Have you seen the Siddons this season? or the Jordan? An acquaintance of mine has a tragedy coming out early in the next season, the principal character of which Mrs. Siddons will act. He has importuned me to write the Prologue and Epilogue, but, conscious of my inability, I have excused myself with a jest, and told him I was too

good a Christian to be accessory to the damnation of anything.

There is an old proverb of a river of words and a spoonful of sense, and I think this letter has been a pretty good proof of it. But as nonsense is better than blank paper, I will fill this side with a song I wrote lately. My friend, Charles Hague, the composer, will set it to wild music. I shall sing it, and accompany myself on the violin. *Ca ira!*

Cathloma, who reigned in the Highlands of Scotland about 200 years after the birth of Our Saviour, was defeated and killed in a war with a neighbouring Prince, and Nina Thoma his daughter (according to the custom of those times and that country) was imprisoned in a cave by the seaside. This is supposed to be her complaint—

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in caves was my dwelling
Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree;
Thro' the high sounding Hall of Cathloma
In the steps of my Beauty I strayed,
The warriors beheld Nina Thoma
And they blessed the dark-tressed maid.

By my Friends, by my Lovers discarded;
Like the Flowers of the Rock now I waste,
That lifts its fair head unregarded,
And scatters its leaves on the blast.

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moonbeams the spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the departed,
When they visit the dreams of my rest.
But dispersed by the tempest's commotion,
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight;
Ah! cease thou, shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl thro' my Cavern by night.

Are you asleep, my dear Mary? I have administered rather a strong dose of opium; however, if in the course of your nap you should chance to dream that I am, with ardour of eternal friendship, your affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE,

you will never have dreamt a truer dream in all your days.

Jesus Coll., Camb., Feb. 7, 1793.

(To be continued.)



anything else. Now, just to give you a few articles in the large Inventory of my calamities. Imprimis, a gloomy, uncomfortable morning. Item, my head akes. Item, the Dean has set me a swinging imposition for missing morning Chapel. Item, of the two only coats which I am worth in the world, both have holes in the elbows. Item, Mr. Newton, our mathematical lecturer, has recovered from an illness. But the story is rather a laughable one, so I must tell it you. Mr. Newton (a tall, thin man with a little tiny blushing face) is a great botanist. Last Sunday, as he was strolling out with a friend of his, some curious plant suddenly caught his eye. He turned round his head with great eagerness to call his companion to a participation of discovery, and unfortunately continuing to walk forward he fell into a pool, deep, muddy, and full of chickweed. I was lucky enough to meet him as he was entering the college gates on his return (a sight I would not have lost for the Indies!). His best black cloaths, all green with duckweed, he shivering and dripping, in short a perfect River God—I went up to him (you must understand we hate each other most cordially) and sympathised with him in all the tenderness of condolence. The consequence of his misadventure was a violent cold attended with fever, which confined him to his room, prevented him from giving lectures, and freed me from the necessity of attending them; but this misfortune I supported with truly Christian fortitude. However, I constantly asked after his health with filial anxiety, and this morning, making my usual enquiries, I was informed to my infinite astonishment and vexation that he was perfectly recovered and intended to give lectures this very day!!! Verily, I swear that six of his duteous pupils—myself as their General—sallied forth to the apothecary's house with a fixed determination to thrash him for having performed so speedy a cure, but, luckily for himself, the rascal was not at home. But here comes my fiddling master, for (but this is a secret) I am learning to play on the violin. Twit, twat, twat, twit! "Pray, M. de la Penche, do you think I shall ever make anything of this violin? Do you think I have an ear for music?" "Un magnifique! Un superbe! Par honneur, Sir, you be a ver great genius in de music. Good morning, Monsieur!" This M. de la Penche is a better judge than I thought for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among my notes of things interesting and things strange deserving of chronicle in this column, I find a memorandum relating to a lecture delivered a short time ago by that indefatigable scientist, Mr. Francis Galton, on what he calls "The Just Perceptible Difference." Mr. Galton's researches into human ways and peculiarities are justly renowned. Whether it is the enduring and stable character of finger-prints (which I saw him demonstrate at the last Congress of Hygiene in London) or the calculation of the different time-reactions of human brains, Mr. Galton's work is always worthy of study by the public. In "The Just Perceptible Difference" lecture, he dealt with certain ways and manners of our sense organs. There are, for example, actions which come from within our nervous centres, and which react upon our organs of sense, giving rise under conditions of nervous irritation, or illness, to curious effects. Thus, a person may be conscious of ringing in the ears or of a noxious smell, both of which sensations have no outside existence at all, but proceed, subjectively, from the background of his own consciousness. If, however, as Mr. Galton put it, these internal sensations came to correspond with ordinary or outside impressions, the latter might, and probably would, become thereby intensified.

Mr. Galton gave a curious illustration of this fact in the case of hearing as associated with the sense of sight applied to words being read. When, for instance, at a meeting of a scientific society, Mr. Galton perused unrevised prints of the papers read, he found himself (owing to slight deafness) able to follow the words distinctly only so long as his eyes rested on the paper. If any alteration in the wording occurred, he was aware of the fact, but could not follow the reader if he lifted his eyes from the paper. To follow the reader's voice and meaning by hearing alone, Mr. Galton had to go nearer him by one quarter of the previous distance; so that the power of the imagination added to the power of hearing, is held to stand to the hearing power alone, as the sound at four units of distance does to that sound at three units. The power of the imagination *quâ* hearing, was calculated to have seven-sixteenths of the power of a sound just audible.

Equally interesting were the remarks made regarding the sense of sight, and the possibility of reproducing pictures and designs by special formulæ, which might, if necessary, be even telegraphed from one place to another. Two dots began first to merge into one, when they had an angular distance apart of one minute of a degree. Fifty dots or discs to the inch, say, on the page of a book, touching one another, give the impression of a continuous line. It becomes possible to indicate the position of dots by letters, and Mr. Galton stated that the positions of fifty equidistant dots might be defined by fifty letters, or by one hundred figures, equal in cost (as regards telegraphy) to twenty words. To test this method, a girl's profile, copied from a Greek gem, was actually reproduced by a formula containing four hundred letters, or one hundred and sixty telegraphic words. Done on a scale with fifty dots in a line of one inch, a good effect was produced, and, even reduced to the size of a postage-stamp, the reproduced portrait was said to present the appearance of a delicate line engraving. This test shows how, by telegraphy, designs might be transmitted and reproduced with accuracy, and, of course, the importance of the development of this principle to illustrations of events in newspapers becomes plainly apparent. The idea that we may get pictures transmitted to our eyes by telephonic means, as to-day we get waves of sound, has long been mooted. Mr. Galton's method shows at least the possibility of thus reproducing pictures by a means depending on the accuracy of the formula employed in arranging the dots representing the sketch or design to be transmitted.

A curious discovery regarding the power of sulphur to receive impressions has been lately reported. M. Lepirre, experimenting with melted sulphur at a temperature of about 115 deg., and wishing to show that it can be cooled on paper, had, it seems, used a lithographed card. When the card was removed, the characters impressed upon it were found to be most clearly reproduced upon the cooled surface of the sulphur, and both rubbing and washing failed to remove them. Further experimentation showed that these impressions could be readily made on sulphur, from designs made in almost every ordinary way, by pencil, crayon, and ink. Coloured inks also gave satisfactory results. I do not know whether or not this information may bear practical fruit in the way of application to arts or manufactures, but many an important process and invention has, of course, had its origin in as apparently as trivial and accidental a manner as that demonstrated by this experiment.

Inoculation for cholera is the latest idea in germ science which is being ventilated among bacteriologists. M. Haffkine maintains, as the result of experiments, that it is possible to produce a cholera poison of great power by transmitting Koch's comma bacillus through animal bodies. Armed with what he regards as a powerful cholera-virus, M. Haffkine showed that if this virus be used to inoculate an animal, which had previously been protected by an inoculation of a modified and less active virus, it did not succumb to cholera attack. It now appears that Dr. Klein maintains, as the result of his own researches, that death from cholera symptoms may arise from the similar use of cultures of many germs other than the Koch's bacillus alleged by M. Haffkine to produce the essential features of the disease. An animal protected by M. Haffkine's method against the strong cholera virus is not, it seems, protected against cultures of the comma bacillus inoculated in a special fashion. More than this, he shows that when a certain bacillus (*B. prodigiosus*, which is a very common germ indeed) is used for inoculation, it seems to protect the animal against the essential and more specific cholera microbe. If this be the case, inoculation for cholera may become a simple matter enough; but it is evidently too early in the day to assume that we have arrived at a solution of the question how to protect ourselves against the Eastern scourge, of which I sincerely trust we are going to hear nothing at all during the coming summer.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. ROBINSON (Caithness).—You are right, and your opponent is wrong; but we cannot here enter into such elementary matters.

C. T. BLANCHARD.—Your three-mover can be solved in two by 1. Kt from R 7th takes P (ch), and mates next move. There are also several ways of solving it in three.

W. P. WILLIAMS.—1. B takes Kt, anything; 2. R takes P, Mate, also solves your amended position.

R. W. SEATON (Virginia Water).—Your four-mover can be solved by 1. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), &c.

J. ARNOLD EDWARDS (Kensington).—The game is altogether too one-sided. Black's play is clever, but White's is so bad as to prevent publication.

J. MYLES TAYLOR (Crook R.S.O.).—Your diagram is too crowded with pieces, and the play is of the feeblest character. We think you can do better than this.

P. H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Your neat problem shall appear very shortly.

Dr. F. ST. (Camberwell).—In No. 1, if B takes Kt a dual arises by 2. R takes Kt P (ch) or 2. Kt to R 7th (ch), &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2549 and 2550 received from J. M. DENNETT (San José); of No. 2553 from P. de L. (Madrid), and V. I. (Turkey); of No. 2554 from Howick, V. I., Captain J. A. CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth), and Bluet.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2555 received from Mrs. WILSON (Plymouth), Martin F. R. H. BROOKS, Dawn, G. J. POWELL, Shadforth, F. J. KNIGHT, G. JOICEY, Hereward, A. NEWMAN, J. C. IRELAND, M. BURKE, W. R. BAILEY, William Guy, jun. (Johnstone), W. WRIGHT, W. R. B. (Plymouth), R. LANGLAF, A. S. HORREX (Peterborough), F. T. WILKINSON, E. LOUDEN, T. G. (Ware), J. HODGSON (Maidstone), Reynolds (York), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. Percy Kaye (York), G. E. LOMAX (St. Helens), A. W. HAMILTON-GELL (Exeter), J. C. DELL (Bootham), Victorino Aoz y del Prado (Lampsona), R. ATKINSON, T. S. (Brighton), R. WORTERS (Canterbury), and H. J. WRAY (Bradford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2554.—By PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt sq

2. Q to Kt 6th (ch)

3. Q. Mates

BLACK.

R takes B

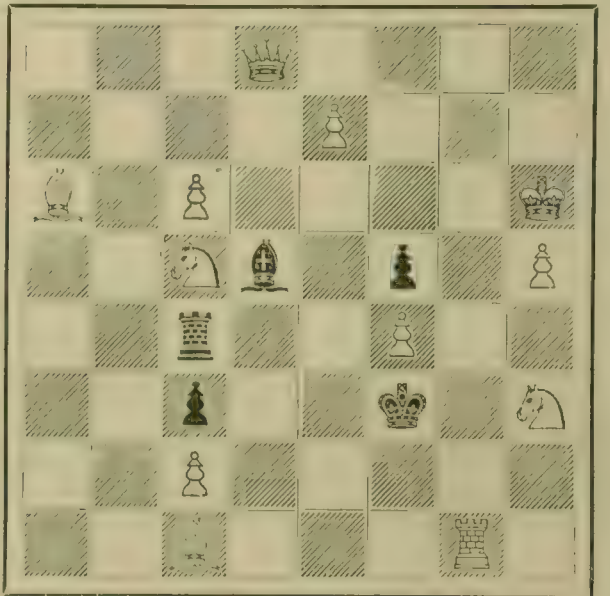
K to Q 5th

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Q to Q Kt sq (ch); if 1. Kt to B 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); if 1. Kt to B 3rd, then 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2557.

By G. K. ANSELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Mr. W. H. S. MONCK (Dublin) and Mr. J. COMBIE (Alloa).

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	28. R to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
4. Castles	Kt takes P		
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	29. R to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	30. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	31. P takes P	B to K 5th
8. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	32. R to Q B 3rd	Kt takes P
9. Kt to Q 4th	Castles	33. R to K 3rd	B to Q 4th
10. Kt to Q B 3rd		34. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
		35. P to K B 4th	P to B 5th
		36. K to B 2nd	P to B 3rd
		37. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 6th
		38. K to K 2nd	Kt to Q 8th (ch)
		39. K to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 6th
		40. P to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B P
		41. P takes P	B takes P
		42. R to K 4th	Kt takes R P
		43. R takes B	

The opening up to this point is all book.

10. B to B 4th

11. B to K 3rd

12. Kt to K B 3rd

13. P to K R 3rd

14. B to K B 4th

15. B takes P

16. Q takes R

17. Q R to K sq

18. R to K 8th (ch)

19. Q to K 2nd

20. R to R 8th

21. R takes R

22. Kt to R 4th

23. Kt takes B

24. R to K sq

25. P to Q B 3rd

26. Q to Kt 4th

27. R to K 3rd

Q takes B

Q to K B 3rd

K to B 2nd

Kt to Q 3rd

B to Kt 2nd

B takes R

R to Kt 3rd

R P takes Kt

B to B 4th

B to Kt 2nd

B to B 3rd

P to Q 5th

Black gives his opponent no rest. His forces have complete control of the field.

43. An attempt to secure a draw. Unfortunately, the adverse Knight gets back just in time to stop the Pawn from Queening.

P takes R

Kt to B 5th

Kt to Q 4th

P to B 6th (ch)

Kt to B 2nd

K to Kt 4th

K takes P

Kt to Kt 4th (ch)

White resigns.

The Folkestone Chess Club has been reorganised, from twenty to thirty members having already joined. It is hoped that by the time the season begins in October it will be in good going order.

The West Yorkshire Chess Association held its annual meeting on Monday, March 27, at Leeds. The Woolhouse Challenge Cup, Bradford Observer trophy, and other presentations took place, and there was a variety of tournaments.

By a law of the kingdom of Italy, no private owner of pictures by the old and famous Italian painters may sell them to be carried out of Italy without Government permission. Prince Sciarra Colonna has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a heavy fine, with loss of the price of the pictures he sold, for this singular misdemeanour.

The Metropolitan Police Pensioners' Employment Association held its fifth annual meeting on March 29. The Secretary of State for the Home Department, Mr. Asquith, was present and Colonel Howard Vincent was in the chair. This association has, during the past year, found temporary or permanent employment for 350 retired members of the police force as watchmen, caretakers, hall porters, turnstile men, and in other services for which they are specially fit.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Would you have ever supposed that there are no fewer than thirty-four distinct varieties of party that a hostess can offer to her guests? If you look at the new book on "The Etiquette of Party Giving," by Mrs. Heaton-Armstrong, that Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have just issued, you will find that number more or less legitimately made out. Well may the accomplished authoress, who has written a number of other works on the recondite topic of etiquette, remark in her preface that "So many novel forms of entertainment have been introduced into society of late that even the experienced person may sometimes be a little in doubt as to the various points of etiquette—such as, for instance, the style of dress and behaviour to be adopted on a certain occasion." How would you think, for instance, you should dress for and behave at "The Apron Party," or "The Cobweb Party," or even "The Epithet Party"? For the first, surely, you would don a huge pinafore, though you would hardly know why. For the second, perchance the most appropriate adornment would seem to be a sweeping broom, for that party must be analogous to the "Bee," of which most of us have read in American literature—a gathering at which the guests help the host to do some necessary work, and in return for their services get tea and games of a juvenile order. It is sad to reflect that anybody can have allowed her cobwebs to get to such a prevalence that it will need the united efforts of a set of volunteer housemaids to abolish them; but what else can a cobweb party mean? As to the "epithet party," that may be a new name for "Tea and Scandal." We turn with curiosity to these chapters, leaving the more commonplace items of wedding, christening, and garden parties to a later examination.

All these novelties prove, as might have been anticipated, of American origin. The "cobweb party" is a queer kind of cotillion. The hosts prepare for their guests by making the "cobwebs," in the form of different coloured twines that are spread in and out of the banisters, up and down the house, sometimes even into the attic and the cellar, and in and out round the furniture. Then nursery rhymes are written on cards, and each card is cut in halves; the ladies on arrival draw one half of the rhymes, and the men the other. The couple who draw the severed halves of the same rhyme are partners. They then seek out the string at the end of which they find their rhyme repeated, and on the ringing of a bell the whole company set off together to unwind the cobwebs; the ladies make the balls while the men trace the course of the threads; those who succeed first getting a present, while any who break their cord have to stop out of all the fun of the evening. The strings being all disentangled, a dance follows, the pair drawn together by lot being considered partners for most of the evening.

Similar is the "epithet party," only the guests draw lots for an epithet, and then seek out their contraries. Thus, Mr. Good-Temper must be a partner of Miss Bad-Temper, and Mr. Fury must join Miss Meekness. The "apron party" is generally a feature of a charity entertainment. Each gentleman has to make an apron in a limited time; his partner, a lady, cuts it out, and may lend him any aid short of doing the stitching. The pair who finish the apron first, and those who do it best, as well as the pair who produce the worst, are awarded prizes. The "booby" prize is very difficult to award generally, for it is not easy to tell which man has done the worst stitching! Music and recitations pass for the rest of the company the time occupied in working. A dance finishes the evening. These and several other forms of out-of-the-way amusement may well be tried in villages, where the people all know each other so well as to find ordinary parties grow a little monotonous and dull. The more usual forms of entertainment are, however, those to which Mrs. Armstrong very rightly devotes most of her little book, which is a readable as well as accurate guide for hostesses, whether they be young and inexperienced or whether their difficulty in arranging their entertainments comes from the comparative rarity of the sort of party to be provided for, such as celebrating a golden wedding or presiding over a bachelor's tea.

An excellent paper for girls of all ranks is the *Young Woman*, which Mr. Frederick Atkins edits with great tact and a full appreciation of the modern girl's earnest and wide life, as well as of the fact that her interests are in many ways still exactly those of her foremothers. There is usually an interview with some interesting woman, so well written as to be alone worth getting the little magazine in order to read it. The subject for April is the well-known singer, Mrs. Mary Davies. One fact about her that is not mentioned there is that she had the good luck to marry and not change her name; but that is the advantage of being Welsh—there is so large a choice available in your own tribal designation. She refused to be called "Madame," as so many English-born women singers allow themselves to be dubbed after their marriage. Mrs. Davies says that she is constantly being appealed to for advice by young girls who wish to make a profession of music, and that she feels obliged to tell all concerned that it is a great deal harder to make way in the field now than it was some years ago. The chief reason that she gives for this is that the multiplication of means of cheap and easy training has so terribly increased the competition that only a girl with a very exceptional voice and a good general education has the slightest chance of gaining a fair professional position. She urges, however, that for those who do not mean to make a profession of it, learning properly how to sing is of great benefit, because it expands the chest, and improves the whole health thereby. She also entreats girls who want to be singers not to wear corsets at all. She very wisely urges that growing girls should not be put in stays till their figures are fairly developed and till their normal growth can no longer be thus affected. Then, she believes, the girl will be so accustomed to doing without these artificial supports, and will have become so sensible of the advantages of free breathing, that she will, in many instances, be determined not to use corsets at all. To the same number of the magazine Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell contributes a practical article on cycling, and Miss Billington one on "How to Dress on Twelve Pounds a Year," a feat which will not seem wonderful to many a working girl, who yet keeps herself looking nice.

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CONSULAR REPORT (No. 1151) on TRADE and FINANCE IN ITALY.

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A RECITAL IN THE EAST.

"Every Sunday evening," says the card in the window (and it says it with many ornamental flourishes, as though it were delighted to make the announcement)—"Every Sunday evening at eight o'clock p.m. sharp, RECITALS by those talented artistes, Mr. and Mrs. MELLERSON, formerly of the PRINCIPAL LONDON THEATRES." Just underneath, but so hidden in a wealth of gay red ink embellishment as to be difficult to read, "Interspersed with Music." The spelling is weak, and the legality is, I think, doubtful, but the intimation is most welcome. The card hangs rakishly near a playbill of the Mile-End Road music-hall, and it is supported by a slip which shouts dogmatically, "Stop Here for the Best Cigar at 2d." Being Sunday evening, it has rained, and the streets are muddy and empty and the bars are full. To get through them to the varnished door leading upstairs demands energy and push. It is a dark and twisted staircase, but I know when I get to the top, because my head knocks the door and opens it. "S-s-h! can't ye!" says everybody in the room, and I do.

Mr. Mellerson, in partial evening dress—which is to say, dress-coat, no tie, dark-brown trousers, and two heavy rings—is taking his turn—

I heard the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck—

The room is sparsely filled; mainly the audience consists of young couples who have come in out of the wet. The male lover usually has his arm on the back of the chair next him, and is thus able to fondle a vagrant curl or pinch an ear. They are much befuddled as to hat, the ladies, and they wear gigantic ear-rings, heavy satiny coats, frocks of a deep brick-dust hue, and perfectly magnificent boots. Now and again the gentleman, ceasing to smoke, puts his hand on the spare Windsor chair in front of him and takes up the pewter, drinks first deeply himself and then passes it to the lady, who says: "Well, 'ere's another thousand a year," and drinks also.

And Jack, he's our first hand, Sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through,
He's allus the first aboard, Sir, when the life-boat wants a crew.

Mr. Mellerson sits down, and Mrs. Mellerson, wan and anxious, in a beaded costume of black and a bonnet of black, also with beads, which rattle at every movement, plays softly and confusedly, "Our Jack's Come Home To-day." Mr. Mellerson looks wistfully around the room, seeming to make a calculation as to our worth, and appears on the whole a little dejected at the total.

"Friends all," says Mr. Mellerson, rising with the look of a man who is determined to keep up his spirits, come what may. "Friends all, our next selection will be a little piece composed by my wife"—Mr. Mellerson bows to the lady at the piano, who rustles her beads in acknowledgment—"called, or, rather, I should say entitled, 'Fireman Ben's Escape.'" Mrs. Mellerson is a minor poet of excellent intentions, with a taste for the dramatic school.

She prompts her husband at one or two points, and shows altogether a livelier interest than she has hitherto exhibited. The audience, too, have a slightly less tendency to pinch each other, and an inclination to give Mr. Mellerson their ears.

Boys, come, sit ye around the fire
And listen to what I've to say;
It'll make your 'earts beat 'igher and 'igher
When I tell of that fearful day.

Mr. Mellerson gives the first part with an exceeding show of senility; he rubs his hands softly, wags his head, and sits down and rises with much difficulty and speaks in a hoarse whisper. In the middle of the piece he suddenly throws this off and is the stalwart, impetuous youth—

"Who'll go up there," our captain cries,
"Where the flames beat fierce and red?"
And then our Ben he steps and shies
His 'elmet from his 'ead.

It is now that Mr. Mellerson lets himself go. He scales imaginary ladders, he slashes away with a supposititious axe, he gasps for breath, he turns up the collar of his dress-coat, he ruffles his hair. When it seems (according to Mrs. Mellerson's spirited lines) that he can never reach the top, where his fair love stands, he drops on one knee and prays a verse or two. It is quite a relief to find that his efforts are, after some five-and-twenty verses, successful—

"Saved at last! oh, saved at last!"
Were the words his sweetheart spake,
And all the world that had stood aghast
Cheered (slowly) Fireman Ben's Escape.

Mr. Mellerson sits down exhaustedly, mopping his forehead, and if there is one pot offered him whereat he may refresh there are a dozen. The manner of a true artist shows itself as he waves a few of them towards Mrs. Mellerson. Mrs. Mellerson, with some coy shivering of beads, sips daintily, the little finger uplifted, from three of them, and, turning, plays gently "The Blue Danube."

"Memory permitting," says Mr. Mellerson, "I will now attempt a humorous selection." Mr. Mellerson beams on his audience, and contorts his lips, and winks; and the girls giggle, and one says to her swain that she "l'ys this'll be a fair coughdrop." "I will give you"—Mr. Mellerson taps his forehead gently, as though to awaken slumbering memory—"I will give you 'Faithless Sally Brown,' by Mister Thomas Hood." "Sally Brown" makes us laugh very much, and for this result Mr. Mellerson must take his share of credit.

I wish it were possible to give a due impression of the way in which Mr. Mellerson accentuates the puns and points the jokes. Mere italics give absolutely no idea of the acute emphasis with which he endows them—

For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.

"One moment, Sir!"—Mr. Mellerson breaks off to catch the attention of a youth who is furtively taking his leave—"Don't forget the plite, Sir! Don't forget the plite! I can cash you a tenner if you're short of coppers." The youth puts sheepishly three halfpence on the blue plate

atop of Mrs. Mellerson's piano, and as he goes out everybody makes caustic and audible remarks.

O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!
How could you, serve me, so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow.

Mrs. Mellerson pats her fringe and rubs her nose, and takes a quiet little trip on the piano, wandering into "The Rowdy Dowdy Boys" and "Comrades" and "Nancy Lee," eventually finding her way, with some hesitation and doubt, through "The Miner's Dream."

"That, ladies and gentlemen," says Mr. Mellerson, rising, "will now conclude the evening's entertainment, thanking you, one and all, for your kind attention, and asking you *not* to forget the plite, which you will pass on your way out at the door, and hoping to see you all next Sunday. And don't forget the plite."

Poor Mrs. Mellerson, with a genteel air, holds the blue willow-patterned plate over the piano as the audience goes out, and to the offertory everyone contributes something. It doesn't—alas for the Mellerson ménage!—take long to count.

Mr. Mellerson (formerly of the principal London theatres) is kind enough to say that since I've suggested it, he *will* have a little whisky warm, with the least morsel of lemon in it and no sugar. No sugar? No. Mr. Mellerson hits himself fiercely on the chest, and says this with the firmness of a total abstainer. "No sugar, Sir, if you please. Emily, my love, Emily" (this to Mrs. Mellerson, who is struggling into a brown ulster and hiding her beaded glories), "my love, this gentleman"—"A little rum shrub," says Mrs. Mellerson, "jest to keep the cold out." I say the agreeable thing in regard to "Fireman Ben's Escape," and I give a toast. I say "Success to poetry," and Mrs. Mellerson says modestly, "Oh! thank you, Sir, very much, reely." I say "Good night," and go out into the rain.

W. PETT RIDGE.

On March 27 the first flight of swallows was seen near the New Forest of Hampshire.

A block of cannel coal weighing twelve tons has been raised from the Abram Colliery at Wigan, Lancashire, and shipped at Liverpool to be sent to the Chicago Exhibition, with several huge blocks of Cheshire rock salt—the latter being carved into figures and groups of sculpture.

The Evangelical clergy in London have lost a useful member by the death recently of the Rev. W. R. Blackett. Less than two years ago he came up to town as principal of the Home and Colonial Training College. Before that he had worked with much success as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Nottingham. For eight years he was a missionary of the C.M.S. in India, where he rapidly made a name as an expert in educational affairs. He was a member of the Government Commission on Education, and exercised considerable influence on the educational policy of the society he represented in India. Mr. Blackett was an able speaker, and was understood to have written a good deal for the press.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

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RECENT MUSIC.

Novello, Ewer, and Co. send us, as usual, an interesting batch of new publications for review, among which we note a song by G. Henschel. "The discreet lover" is set to words (French and English) of the eighteenth century, and has a dainty little melody in gavotte measure, so winning and pretty that it cannot fail to please. It is suitable for soprano or tenor. Three charming vocal duets are "Absence," "The days of old," and "What thou art," by Hastings Crossley. We like best the last-named; it is full of passionate sentiment. "Twenty-four songs" by Tchaikowsky, selected and translated into English by Lady Macfarren, will be welcomed by amateurs who are on the look-out for unconventional yet taking vocal pieces. These songs are exquisitely written, and they are replete with beauty, poetic as well as melodic. Another plunge into Novello's parcel, and we bring forth a series of "Progressive Studies" for pianoforte which teachers will do well to notice. That they are edited by Franklin Taylor is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence of choice and arrangement. The collection is made from the standard works of the most eminent study-writers, and intended to "illustrate the various elements of a complete course of pianoforte technique and to provide students with the means of attacking and overcoming the different special difficulties which have to be encountered." From the same firm we have two books of bright, easy pianoforte duets entitled "Kirmess," by H. Hofmann; a clever sonata in F minor, No. 1, for piano, by E. A. Chamberlayne; several good organ compositions by Otto Dienel; the scores of E. M. Smyth's Mass in D (already noticed in our columns), of Handel's "Fifth Chandos Anthem;" and a pastoral cantata, entitled "Buttercups and daisies," by E. Fanning. An exceedingly interesting and clever book on "Musical Ornamentation," by Edward Dannreuther, is published as one of Novello's "Music Primers." One of the most melodious and charmingly written trios we have come across for some time is Herbert Bunning's "Maidens of Zia," for female voices. It is in graceful six-eight time and beautifully harmonised.

From Boosey and Co. we find several songs worthy of attention. There is one by Frederic H. Cowen, entitled "Never a rose," with very pretty words by Clifton Bingham, which has a tender, simple elegance and a taking refrain. Hope Temple's effective ballad "If I must love" is already well known, and so is the beautiful, pathetic song, "Adieu, Marie," by Stephen Adams and Frederic E. Weatherly, from whose pens we have another musicianly and taking ditty entitled "The stars of Normandie." A deliciously quaint and original song is "The lover's lullaby," by Franco Leoni (words by Mark Ambient). The same composer's "Eve of St. Angel's Day" (words by F. E. Weatherly) is also melodious, and has a very pretty refrain in six-eight measure. "Sweet-hearts Still," by Florence Aylward, is taking, but not by any means original. "Tally Ho! Gone away!" by Clifton Bingham and Salvatore Seuderi, is an exceedingly good hunting song. We do not care much for Alfred Scott Gatty's song "The Sheepfold" (words from the "Friends' Expositor") which was composed for Madame Antoinette Sterling, but the same composer's Scotch ditty, "Ae fond Kiss," is pleasing.

In "Powder and Posies" Herbert Bunning once more proves that he knows how to write effectively for the voice. This is a daintily written vocal gavotte, and is altogether full of a sweet gracefulness that should win general admiration. The words are by G. R. Askwith. "Queen of my days," by Ellen Wright, is a well-written baritone song with words by M. C. Gillington. "The Old Navy," a sea song by C. Villiers Stanford, has plenty of "go." A. H. Behrend's setting of "Crossing the Bar" is marked by great sentiment and poetry of idea. Lovers of the quaint will like "A. L.'s" arrangement of an old French song entitled "Wisdom and Love."

From Charles Woolhouse we have "La Pervenche," a pretty French song, and "Our Secret" (words by Maurice Davies), a rather conventional song not so effectively written. Both are by Gustave Küster. "Love's Song," by Renzo Rotondo, is simple yet pleasing, and has an *ad libitum* part for 'cello. In "The Throstle" Christiana Thompson has quite caught the spirit of Tennyson's poem and has given us a song that is altogether original and charming in effect. From this firm we have also received a tuneful piece for violin and piano entitled "Endymion," by Alex S. Beaumont, and "Where Claribel low lieth," a two-part song for treble and alto voices, by Clarisse Mallard.

From Charles Tuckwood's newest batch we first select "A song of Autumn" by Edward Elgar (words by A. Lindsay Gordon). This is an effectively written song, and should suit the taste of the popular ballad-singer. "Like to the damask rose," also by Edward Elgar, is an attractive bass song. "All that my heart would say" is not in M. Piccolomini's best style. It is spoilt by a commonplace refrain. "The Violin Cabinet," Book 10, contains four bright compositions by Christopher Hoggett. Pianists who seek for easy tuneful pieces will like "Sweet Content," a swing song, and "Sweet Innisfall," an intermezzo by Cecil Neilson, and "Old Bronze," a graceful dance by Jules Thérèse.

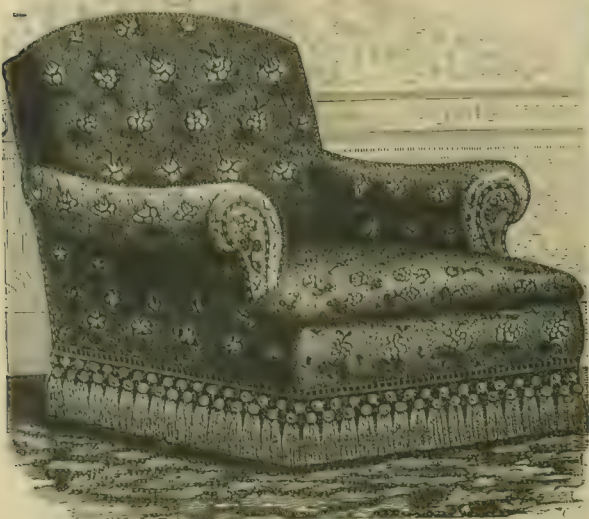
Wickins and Co. send us one song by Alfred Plumpton entitled "Pride of my heart," but it is too commonplace to meet with much approval. Eight numbers of Wickins' "Pianoforte Literature" contain selections from favourite operas cleverly and artistically arranged by Florence Wickins. From the same firm come also four numbers of the excellent "Grosvenor" college albums; the first six numbers of the "Sunbeam" music books, which are marvels of cheapness for sixpence apiece; and a dainty, pretty *dansé élégante* for piano, by Florence Wickins, entitled "Narcissus."

Several good pianoforte compositions by Anton Strelezki reach us from Forsyth Brothers. Of these perhaps the most difficult is a "Scherzino," which, however, would repay study. A "Mazurka" in D flat is graceful and pretty, and so is another "Mazurka" in C, this being Chopinesque in style; while "Une nuit à Seville" is a bright, taking "Valse nocturne," and "Alla marcia" a good, effective piece. A "Carnival March" by B. Mansell Ramsey has plenty of "go" about it, and a "Tarantella" by the same composer is tripping and within the reach of amateurs who are not far advanced. A "Gavotte in G" by Beatrice Thorne should not be passed over without a word of recommendation.

From Alfred Hays we have a series of six pieces for pianoforte, published, under the title of "In the Meadows," by Seymour Smith. These are all high-class compositions, and, as they do not present any great difficulty, they should find favour with young pianists. "In the Highlands" is an elaborate pastorella for pianoforte by Claudius H. Couldery. Two brilliant and musicianly pieces for harp are "Il Coro delle Sirene" and "Réverie," by G. Lorenzi.

Amongst other music received for review we notice particularly an exquisitely soft and gentle "Evening lullaby" by Gounod, which should please the cultivated amateur. It is published in four keys by Phillips and Page, who also send "A cold and dreary day," by C. Lamar, a plaintive, pretty song; a good "Mandolinette" for piano, by Fabian Rose, and a stirring "Bolero" for guitar, by Federico Sacchi. Two taking baritone songs by T. W. Holland (words by F. E. Weatherly) are published by C. Jeffreys and Son. They are entitled "Rank and File," and "Like a Soldier." "Drifting," by the same composer, is an attractive setting of some poetic words by Edward Oxenford. "Idyllen," six artistic pieces by W. H. Nicholls, and a well-written "Introduction and valse lente" for piano, by M. Sieveking, are sent to us by Methven, Simpson, and Co. This firm publishes a song entitled "Vous souvient-il?" The composer Charles Chollet, introduces into his prelude the love theme from the garden scene of "Faust," evidently with intention. The song is poetic. Another acceptable setting of "Crossing the Bar" is by Louis Rivière. A couple of pleasing songs by Edward Ames, with clever words by J. L. McLean Watt, are "Over the goal," a football song, and "A-cycling all the day." "Dearie," words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by G. Francis Lloyd, is a pretty though pathetic song published by W. Morley and Co., and we also like "Threads and thrums" by Valdemar and F. Sewell Southgate, and "The Bandit's Bride," by Henry St. Clair and Valentine Hemery. Weekes and Co. send us Volume III. of Loewe's beautiful ballads, edited by Albert Bach; and a couple of good sacred songs by Walter Spinney, entitled "Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd," and "Nearer Home." A clever cantata, "The Grammar Fairies," by T. M. Davidson, M.A., and J. More Smieton, reaches us from the firm of A. M. Holden. It is exceedingly well written, and exquisitely illustrated by John Duncan. Last but not least we have to notice the latest effort of the talented and venerable musician Charles Salaman. "The voice of my love" was published in honour of the composer's eightieth birthday (Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt and Hatzfeld, Limited), and has some lovely words by his son, Malcolm C. Salaman. It is written in graceful nine-eight measure, and fairly teems with elegance of expression and delicate fancy. Sopranos and tenors will be charmed with this delightful song.

The municipality of Paris, on March 30, opened the new Montretout Waterworks, with an aqueduct sixty-three miles long, including a four-mile tunnel at Versailles, the chief reservoir being at St. Cloud, by which the water supply of Paris will be nearly doubled. The fresh supply is drawn from the head-springs of the river Avre, a tributary of the Eure, south-west of Paris.

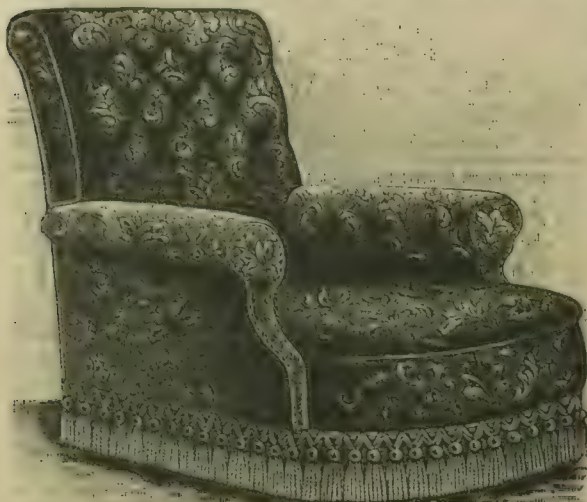


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Examples of some

LUXURIOUS EASY CHAIRS.



The Willoughby Chair

Exceedingly comfortable, with very deep and wide seat, stuffed all hair, and finished very soft in handsome Tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, £5 18s. 6d. If in Cretonne, without fringe, £4 18s. 6d.
This Chair can also be supplied in rich silk, trimmed as shown.

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FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

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MAPLE & CO enjoy a world-wide celebrity for really comfortable Chairs, especially for luxuriously soft Easy Chairs, Club Chairs, and Lounges. These are made in Maple & Co.'s own factories from specially selected materials by first-class upholsterers. Customers can pass from the Showrooms to the factories and see the various processes of manufacture.

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MAPLE & CO have always an immense assortment of Luxuriously Comfortable Easy Chairs, Settees, and Couches, in different shapes and styles, upholstered in various fashionable materials, all ready for immediate delivery. The largest selection of comfortable Easy Chairs in the world.

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ANTIQUE OAK FURNITURE

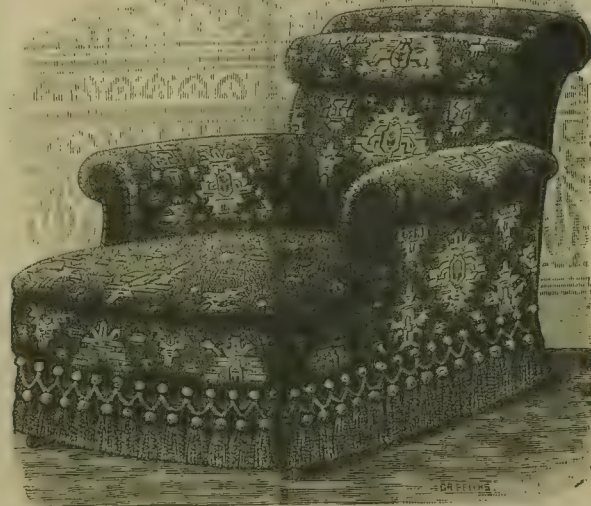
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A delightfully comfortable roomy chair, very soft and restful, covered with handsome Tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, and upholstered in best hair, £5 18s. 6d. If in Cretonne, without fringe, £4 18s. 6d. This Chair can also be supplied in Silk, and trimmed with fringe, as shown, or in Morocco, for club use.

A REALLY COMFORTABLE EASY CHAIR is always an acceptable present.



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Imperial Capsuled
Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.
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thin slices? No, you cannot with an ordinary
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but with THAT WONDERFUL
Christy Bread Knife
it is easier than cutting stale bread with any
other knife. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence,
and try one.

It is equally good for new bread,
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indispensable. It is not a machine,
but a knife, sharpened exactly like
any other knife, only not a quarter
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you can cut thin slices just as well
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DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread?
NO? But it will, and make no crumbs.

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EPSOM RACES, APRIL 11 and 12.—The
only route to the Epsom Downs Station, on the Racecourse,
the quickest and best route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON
RAILWAY, from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison
Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, New Cross,
&c.
SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will run direct to Epsom and
Epsom Downs from London Bridge and Victoria, calling at
Clapham Junction from 11.35 a.m. to 1.20 p.m., returning from
Epsom Downs from 4 to 5.45 p.m., and from Epsom Town Station
from 4.30 to 6 p.m.
FARES to Epsom Town, Single, 4s.; Return, 7s. 6d.; and to
Epsom Downs, Single, 4s. 6d.; Return, 8s.
CHEAP TRAINS, at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares,
run to Epsom at frequent intervals up to 11.20 a.m.
The Special Express Tickets may be obtained on and from
Saturday, April 8, at the above Railway Stations; also at the
West-End Booking and Enquiry Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Picca-
dilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and these two offices will
remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 10 and
11.
NOTE.—Tickets taken by South-Western Railway to Epsom
Town are not available to return by the Brighton Company's
direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Lessee
and Manager.—MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday), at Two,
BECKET, TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at 8.15, LOUIS XI.
BECKET, by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Every night
except Saturdays, at 8.15. MATINEES of BECKET, next
Saturday, April 15, and Saturdays, April 22 and 29, at Two
o'clock. LOUIS XI. next Saturday night, April 15. THE
LYONS MAIL, Saturday nights, April 22 and 29. Box-Office
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telegram.—LYCEUM.

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Hunters, Hacks, Ponies, Hackney Stallions, Single Harness
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THE BUILDING OF WHITEHALL COURT
occupies one of the finest positions in London, affording exten-
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overlooks the Embankment Gardens, and is also most conve-
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out with every modern convenience, e.g., hot and cold water,
electric light, and bells; visitors, tradesmen's and servants'
lifts in operation night and day. Everything has been done to
render the drainage system perfect. The entire building—walls,
floors, partitions, and staircases—is fireproof. The handsome
marble corridors and staircases are well lighted, and heated by
hot air. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming
tenants. A Club (for the use of tenants and their friends only)
has been established on the premises, affording the following
accommodation: large dining-room, private dining-room,
smoking-room, billiard-rooms, cloak-rooms, &c. By this means
tenants will be enabled to be served either in their own apart-
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service, thus relieving tenants from all the trouble with
servants.
The rental of each suite includes the use of the rooms of the
Residential Club, rates and taxes, water (hot and cold), lighting,
and heating of corridors, use of lifts, services of porters, &c.; the
only extra being for electric light used in tenants' rooms, which
is supplied by meter.
Applications for suites to be made to the General Manager at
his offices on the premises.

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"QUEEN'S" PLATE.
The finest in the world, has stood the test of over 80 years,
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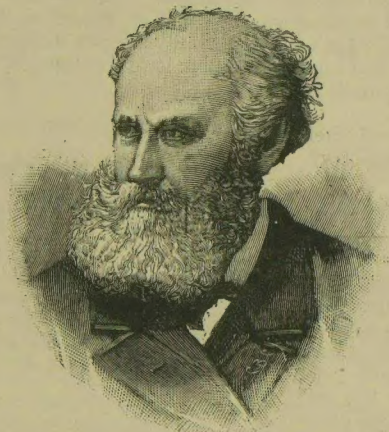
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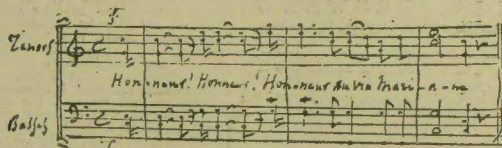
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"The admirable wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion."



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BRAIN EXHAUSTION,
NERVOUS DEPRESSION,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
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Madame SARAH BERNHARDT says: "Mariani Wine has always largely helped to give me strength to perform my arduous duties."

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Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
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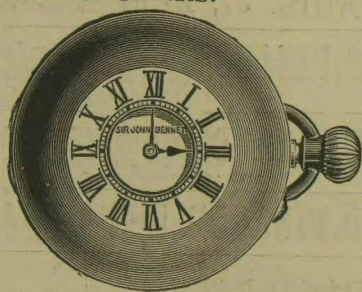
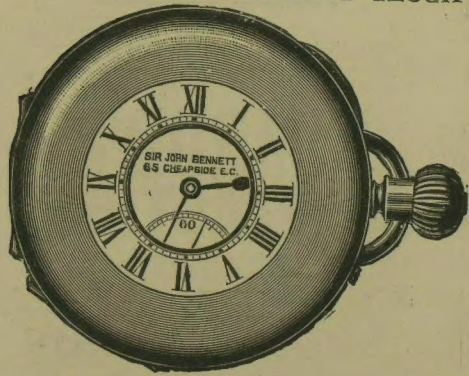
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A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Malted Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted. Medical Testimony and full Directions accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Sold everywhere.

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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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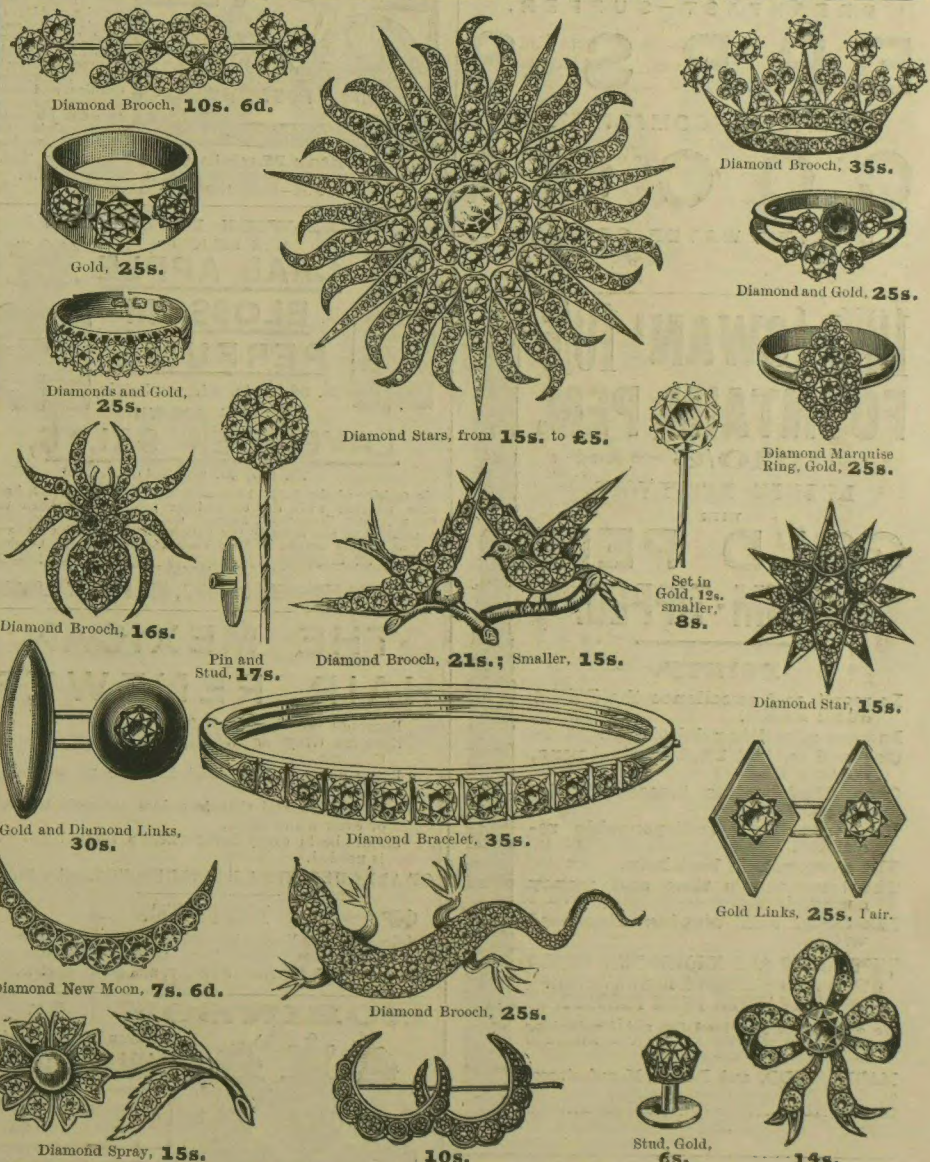
SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
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£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations. CATALOGUES POST FREE. These WONDERFUL STONES can only be obtained of
A. FAULKNER, Manufacturing Jeweller, 90 & 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria (West-End) and London Bridge (City) Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station, changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 10 and 11, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations. Tickets to the Downs Station may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road; Gaze and Sons, 142, Strand; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers'

Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1a, Pentonville Road; and Jakin's Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race days, a special train for horses will leave Newmarket on Monday and Tuesday, April 10 and 11, at 10 a.m., via Liverpool Street and the East London line, direct to Epsom, arriving at 1.20 p.m.

An expedition has been sent from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to search the coast of Labrador for any traces of the fate of the lost Atlantic steam-ship Naronic, supposed to have been crushed by icebergs.

In Chitral, the secluded native State in the Hindoo Kush, lately disturbed by a revolution, Dr. Robertson is reconciling the factions to the rule of Nizam-ul-Mulk. The Khan of Khelat, in Afghanistan, has put to death his Prime Minister, and some uneasiness is felt at Quetta, the neighbouring British station.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Benjamin H. Field, a distinguished citizen of New York, and founder of the New York Free Circulating Libraries, aged seventy-nine.

Cardinal Apolloni, on April 3, aged seventy. He became a member of the Sacred College in 1889.

Mr. John Bartholomew, who has for many years been the head of the great cartographical establishment, on March 29, aged sixty-two.

The Comte de Champagny, Duc de Cadore, who was honorary Chamberlain to Napoleon III., on March 30, aged eighty-three.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox, who founded the *Expositor* in 1875 and edited it for ten years, recently, aged sixty-six. His chief literary production was "Salvator Mundi," which has had considerable vogue. Dr. Cox wrote many other theological volumes, including "The Genesis of Evil" and "The Larger Hope."

SOME NEW and POPULAR NOVELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF EDEN."
ELSIE'S ART LIFE. By A. M. DIEHL.
3 vols.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANTHONY FAIRFAX," &c.
THROUGH THICK AND THIN. By MARGERY HOLLIS.
3 vols.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TO SAVE HIMSELF."
THE LAST OF THE DYNOKES. By CLAUDE BRAY.
3 vols.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "80 NEAR AKIN."
IN A PROMISED LAND. A South African Story. By M. A. BENGOUGH.
3 vols.

MONTE CARLO.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocracy of the world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOL, 27, Chancery Lane. Private Tuition in—

Shorthand. Languages. Book-keeping. Typewriting. Business Training. Correspondence. Arithmetic. Handwriting.

60 Masters always here, giving unequalled facilities, hence highest results at every examination. Prospectus, &c., Post Free.

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EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

10/6 'SWAN' 10/6
FOUNTAIN PEN.

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RUBBER RESERVOIR,
WITH
GOLD PEN,
IRIDIUM-TIPPED.

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In merit and excellence the **PEER** of all PENS.
In ease of writing delightful.
One will outlast **13,000** steel pens, costing £11.
Once filled writes incessantly for **30 HOURS**.
The traveller's indispensable requisite.
The clergyman's best help.
The busy man's time and money economiser.
Inkstands and dipping dispensed with.

THESE PENS ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER, AND WITHOUT RESERVATION WE GUARANTEE THEM PERFECT.

We only require your Steel Pen and Handwriting to guide us in selecting a Pen. Our Illustrated Catalogue post free.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold Pens and Swan Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845).

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

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CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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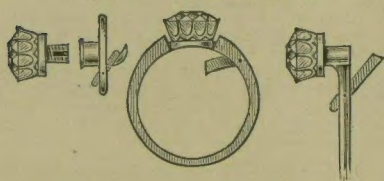
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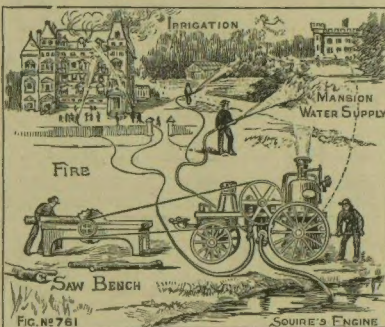
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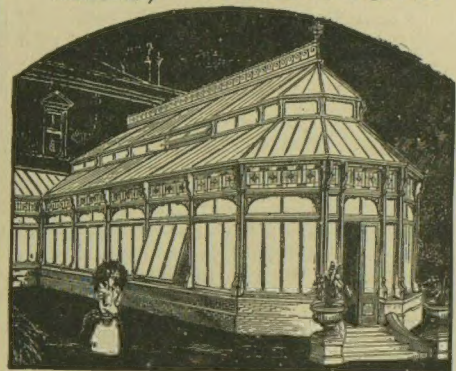


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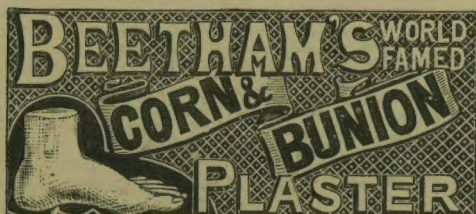
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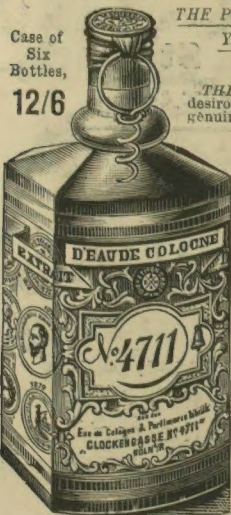


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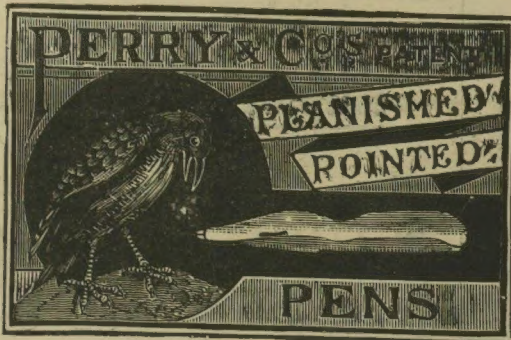


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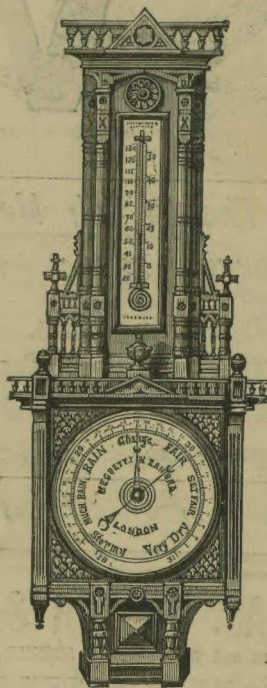
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